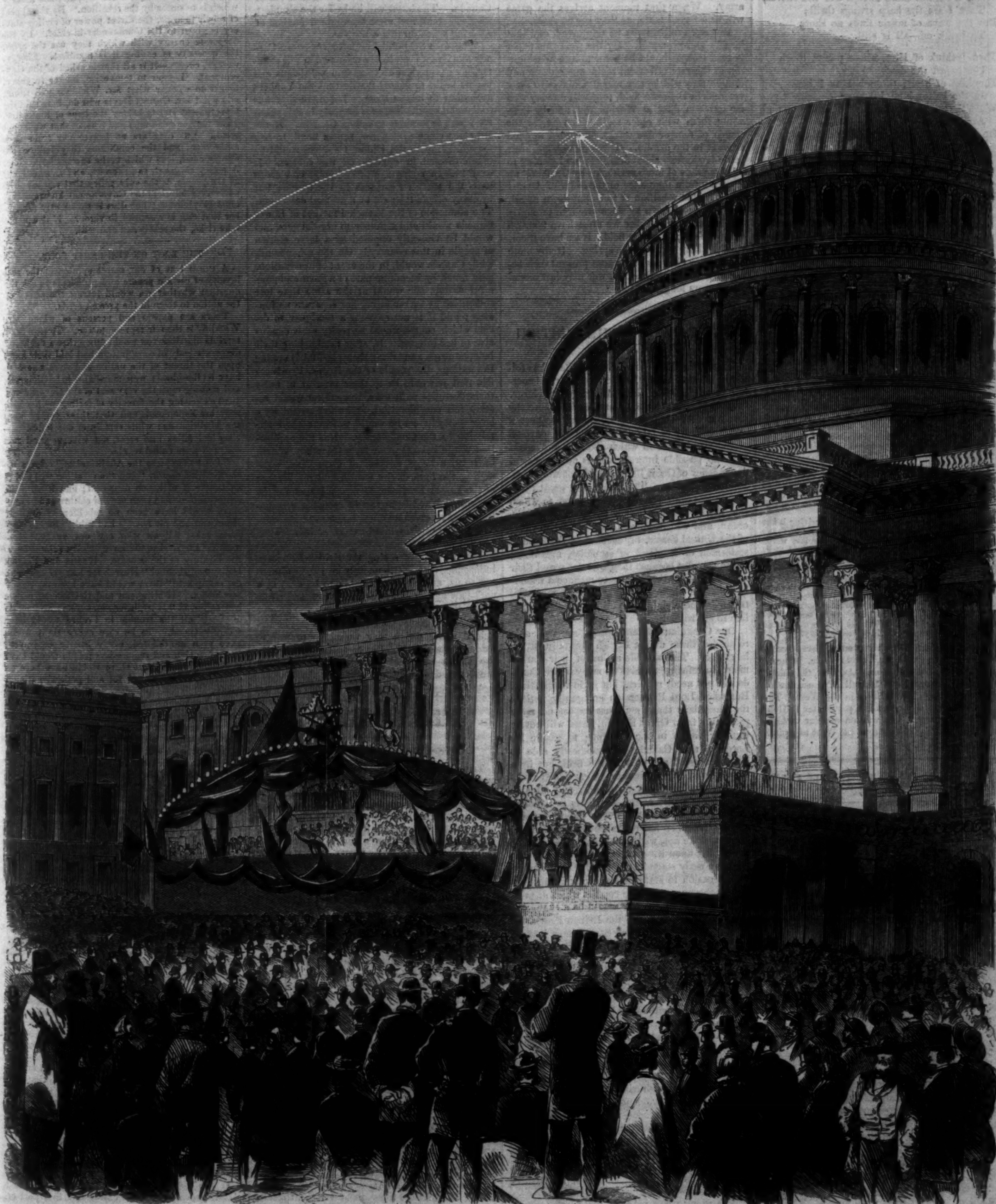
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VI.—No. 295.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



GREAT WAR MEETING AT WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, AUGUST 6, 1862.—[See Page 539.]

SILENTIA.

SOFTLY the shadows come and pass
As the birds go lightly by,
Like waving blots on the shining grass
Or against the bright blue sky—
And I know that birds sing heavenly songs,
For in days now past and gone
This ear, that gives no sound or thrill,
Drank in each liquid tone.

In solemn silence, dark and deep,
Life's current slowly flows,
Its course so still, no echo breaks
The changeless, drear repose.
I see the eye grow quickly bright
And smiles on the faces dear;
I thank my God for the gift of sight,
But a voice I never hear.

No footfall tells that friends are nigh,
For they come and go like ghosts—
Appear beside me quick as thought,
And as swiftly they are lost.
When a skillful hand sweeps o'er the chords,
Then I see the harp strings thrill;
But the wave of music finds no shore
To break on—all is still.

Then I think of Him, whose potent touch
Unstopped the deafened ear,
Thankful of heart, through Him I know
In the better land I'll hear—
When the angel songs through the ranks resound,
And the harpers' praises swell,
On "the shining shore" will the tide come in,
And the breakers say, "All's well!"

THE MURDER OF GENERAL ROBERT L. M'COOK.

WE illustrate on page 541 the brutal and cold-blooded murder of GENERAL ROBERT L. M'COOK, who was assassinated by miscreants calling themselves guerrillas, near Salem, Alabama, on 5th instant. The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* thus recounts the outrage:

NASHVILLE, August 7—Midnight.

The city is in a perfect uproar of excitement over the details of the death of the brave General Robert L. M'Cook, of Ohio. His remains arrived in town to-night, and are now lying at the Commercial Hotel.

I write this at midnight, and therefore am unable to send you as full particulars as I could wish. On Tuesday last General Robert L. M'Cook, who was at the time very sick, was in an ambulance near Salem, Alabama, on his way to his brigade. The ambulance was traveling over the usual military road, and about ten o'clock in the morning it arrived at a plantation where there was an abundance of water. After refreshing themselves they passed on with the wounded General. Intelligence of his whereabouts and condition was quickly spread, it is supposed; for before the ambulance had proceeded three miles the driver discovered that he was pursued by guerrillas.

It was impossible to think of flight, and General M'Cook's condition prohibited any idea of rescuing him. The guerrilla leader ordered the ambulance to stop, the assassins at the same time surrounding it. The vehicle was then upset, and the sick officer turned into the road. While on his knees, helpless and sick, he was fired at by a ruffian, and shot through the side.

The wound was fatal, General M'Cook surviving it but a few hours. He bore his sufferings heroically, and to the last manifested an undaunted spirit. His last words were, "Tell Aleck (alluding to his brother, General Alexander M'Dowell M'Cook) and the rest that I have tried to live like a man and do my duty."

When the news of the murder became known among the camps, the excitement was intense. The Ninth Ohio, M'Cook's own regiment, on learning of the assassination, marched back to the scene of the occurrence, burned every house in the neighborhood and laid waste the lands. Several men who were implicated in the murder were taken out and hung to trees by the infuriated soldiery.

General Robert M'Cook was one of seven brothers who are or were in the Union service. One of them was killed at Bull Run. Another, the eldest, is General Alexander M'Dowell M'Cook, one of the most distinguished officers in the West. The father of these gallant men is a paymaster in General Buell's army. The wanton murder of General Robert M'Cook has roused the West to a pitch of ungovernable fury.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

THE Army of Virginia has drawn blood. At Cedar Mountain, near Culpepper Court House, on Saturday, August 9, General Banks's corps—about 7000 strong—encountered some 15,000 of the enemy, under Jackson and Ewell, and fought them till nightfall. The battle did not lead to any substantial results that day. But on the Sunday the rebels fell back toward the Rapidan, and sent in a flag of truce for permission to bury their dead. At that time heavy reinforcements were pouring in from the other corps composing Pope's army, and Sigel was in the front.

This may be deemed an auspicious commencement of the new campaign in Northern Virginia. We do not know, and if we knew would not publish, the number of General Pope's army. But it is no secret that, when assembled together, it is too strong for the force with which Jackson has been operating, and that its strength is being increased day by day. Troops are moving forward to reinforce it in very large numbers indeed. In the course of a couple of weeks it will require the bulk of the rebel army before Richmond to resist its onward march. The moment that army goes out to fight Pope, M'Clellan will move, and the result then will be a mere matter of time.

Our generals are thus carrying out to the letter, though in a different locality, the precise plan which General M'Clellan formed six months ago for the defeat and destruction of the rebel army in Virginia. According to that plan, while he moved up the Peninsula through Yorktown and Williamsburg, M'Dowell, with 40,000 men, was to come down on the rebel flank from Fredericksburg. Had this scheme been fairly carried out, Richmond would probably have been in our possession in June last, and Joe Johnston's army would have been where Beauregard's is. With the circumstances which overthrew this plan every reader is familiar. Taught wisdom by experience, we are now trying it over again on a grander scale. Pope is moving down upon Richmond by way of Culpepper, while M'Clellan is making ready to move up on one or both banks of the James River. In the course of a short while each of the two armies, M'Clellan's and Pope's, will be too strong to be kept in check by any thing short of the entire rebel army. When that moment arrives the game will be a forced mate, as they say at chess.

But our armies must be reinforced, and that largely and promptly. By the time this paper is read troops should be pouring into Washington at the rate of several regiments a day; and though they will be raw recruits, not fit to meet veterans in the open field, they will do very well for garrison duty at Washington, and by brigading them with older regiments may, in the course of four or five weeks, be turned to good account in the armies. There should, however, be no tenderness about drafting; no listening to idle promises of more regiments by October; no swerving from the policy of the order of August 4th. If this rebellion is to be put down at all, it must be put down by sheer strength promptly developed. By October we must have 900,000 or 1,000,000 men in the field. If we have them, we shall have peace in the spring. If any more blunders or changes of purpose prevent their being raised by that time, the war may last a couple of years longer.

THE CASE OF THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

THE Prime Minister of Great Britain has followed the lead of the London journals in sneering at the British North American Provinces. Canada is given to understand that, because she was not fool enough to raise and support a standing army of 50,000 men for the purpose of fighting battles in which she had and could have no possible interest, she is an ungrateful dependency of Great Britain, and not worthy of British protection. The people of a great Province, possessing a territory compared to which the British Islands are a mere speck in the ocean, and with resources only second to those of the United States, are accused by the leading statesmen of England of stupidity, meanness, and disloyalty because they will not spend their money in supporting armies to menace a friendly neighbor whom England, through manufacturing, commercial, and political rivalry would like to see ruined.

Our Canadian contemporaries are well able to answer these unjust British taunts in fitting language. The sensible action of their Parliament, in refusing to raise an army which Canada did not need, requires but little vindication. But when Lord Palmerston arrogantly notifies the Canadians that they must expect no more protection from Great Britain, there will not be wanting voices in the Province to assure his Lordship that Canada is abundantly able to protect herself, not only in the field, but by a discreet and liberal foreign policy which seeks no quarrels, provokes no attack, and aims to make friends, not enemies. This is a policy which Lord Palmerston never did and never will understand; but there are men in Canada, if we mistake not, who are capable of mastering and acting upon it.

At an early stage in the present civil war we took occasion to state that one of the most obvious consequences of the conflict which at present desolates this country would be a change in the political condition of the British Provinces. The people of the United States have learned enough during the past year to perceive that they can never be safe so long as a European Power holds territory on this continent. So long as Great Britain can collect armies and launch gun-boats on the Great Lakes our Northwestern States will never be safe. And it is idle to say, as some politicians do, that we can collect armies and build gun-boats as well. Bombarding Toronto would not console us for the bombardment of Chicago, or the capture of Kingston for the surprise of Detroit. Fighting, bombarding, and capturing cities is not the business we want to prosecute. We want peace—steady, perpetual peace—which can not be broken at the whim of a crazy politician or through the fury of an excited mob. To secure peace we must have material guarantees, and the only guarantee that we can obtain, or that ought to satisfy us, is the Independence of the British Provinces.

For many years prior to the present war it was taken for granted by the more reasonable class of statesmen in this country that we had nothing to fear from England; because her rulers and her people were, on the whole, friendly to us, and we were united to her by so many ties of relationship and commerce. This delusion has been dissipated by the experience of the past year. The *Trent* affair showed that Great Britain is ready to avail herself of any pretext and any safe opportunity to ruin this country, for the sake of destroying a commercial rival and at the same time demonstrating the failure of democratic institutions. This discovery must henceforth govern our foreign policy. We must hereafter regard England as our enemy; lying in wait for us, and seeking to destroy us whenever opportunity offers. We must forget all the old gag about a common origin, a common tongue, and so forth, and simply realize that Great Britain will be upon us if ever we give her the opportunity. We must either protect ourselves by building great fleets of iron-clad vessels, and enlarging our canals so as to give them access to the lakes, at an enormous expense, or we must negotiate England out of Canada. The latter will be by far the simplest, most effectual, and most economical method of securing peace on this continent.

Whenever the political relations between Canada and Great Britain are discussed in this country, a certain class of Canadian politicians and papers begin to squeal lustily that the Yankees are going to annex them. Let these timorous souls take heart. There is no party in this country which is anxious to annex Canada. If the Province came to-morrow, cap in hand, to beg for admission to the Union, Congress would be much divided in opinion on the subject. It would be an advantage in one point of view to have the British Provinces in the Union; but in many others it would be a decided detriment. The admission of the French Province of Lower Canada would add seriously to our dangers, and would be violently opposed by a large section of people in this country. On the other hand, while Canada would, in the event of annexation, gain much by becoming part of a great and powerful nation, she would at the same time lose something by surrendering her separate nationality; and it is not easy for a foreigner to decide which course would be really most conducive to her interest. If, after establishing their independence, and taking their place fairly among the nations, the people of the British Provinces felt that it would be to their interest to unite their destinies with ours, the subject would receive full consideration, and there would be a large party here who would welcome their admission to the Confederacy. But the application would have to come from Canada. When, in 1849, a large number of Canadians, comprising the bulk of the wealth and intelligence of the Lower Province, formed a league for the open and avowed purpose of securing annexation, they received no encouragement from here. The people of the United States waited. They were in no hurry.

For the sake of seeing the British Provinces independent, and consequently no longer a menace to us, and no longer liable to be used as a cat's-paw by our commercial and political rivals across the ocean, the United States would give and sacrifice much. Circumstances can be imagined under which they would go to war to achieve this object. But to force Canada into the Union no American will ever shoulder a musket or draw a sword.

THE LOUNGER.

VIGOR AND RIGOR.

THE spirit and method of our national salvation may be stated in two words: vigor and rigor. The peculiar circumstances which fully justified the slow and temperate policy of the early war exist no longer. For the same reason that the Government was reluctant then, it should be rapid now. When it knew not upon whom to count; when there were neither men, money, nor material; when it was questionable whether the Border States were for us or against us; and it was doubtful whether the rebellion were not successful before it declared itself, then the Government was compelled to temporize and delay. But now when the conspiracy is fully unmasked; when it is manifest that the nation must hopelessly conquer the rebels, or that they will utterly subjugate the nation; and when to this end immense armies and vast armaments are prepared upon both sides, and the war is, of necessity, war to the knife, hesitation is ignominious, doubt is dangerous, delay is fatal.

What is the vital necessity of our situation? To strike the rebellion heavily upon every side; to weaken it at all points; not only to overcome it, but entirely to uproot and annihilate it. If a fire seizes our houses we do not cover it up, we put it out. If a pestilence falls upon the citizens we do not only cure them, we change the very conditions of the atmosphere which breeds and conveys death. If a poisonous reptile in the garden, or a wild beast in the woods, threatens our children, we do not drive them away merely, we pursue them, seize them, drag them into day, and kill them beyond peradventure of recovery. The vital necessity of the nation is, that rebellion shall be utterly destroyed in all its symptoms and its essence; and that the colossal and benignant result, purchased by the enormous expenditure of every thing precious to man in this war, shall be the absolute release of the country from the slightest risk of any return of the terrible conflict.

Father, mother, why have you given your son to the chances of civil war? Brothers all, why have we said good-by with smiles and heard of the death of our brave and beautiful without a tear and with only a quicker heart-beat? Friends, why stand we ready to-day to leave wife and child, if it must be so, and die in battle or of wasting sickness? Is it that things may be smoothed up for a little while? Is it that the next generation, that the children for whom we fight, may have the fighting to do all over again? Is it that the infamous injustice which bred the war shall have new chances to entangle itself in our politics and withstand civilization and the development of Liberty? It is to maintain the Government—but what is the Government? It is a political organization to secure Liberty; and the war is here because that organization has been used to confirm Slavery. It is to preserve the Union, but what is the Union? It is a banded power to secure the results contemplated by the Government.

Let us take care then that the conspiracy does not cheat us of what we honestly buy by the war. Let us take care that it is Slavery, and not Liberty which is to suffer by the rebellion. By the appeal of rebels to arms, the direct power of ending slavery is given to the Commander-in-chief. By the desperate energy with which they use the arms, the necessity of ending it is manifest. Energy, energy, energy—it is all that is asked of the Government. Longer to temporize, longer to delay, longer to wonder what Mr. Wickliffe will think, and what Mr. Garrett Davis will do, is to ruin the Government and to betray the hope of humanity. They may be good men and true, of that we do not speak. But they are no braver nor truer than other men, and the conditions they impose are clearly conditions which make success impossible. A policy as great, as generous, and as intelligent as the people, is the only policy that can save the nation. Doubtless the Government knows that it must be vigorous; but does it sufficiently remember that *risk* is essential to vigor? If it can not take risks, the rebels can and will.

THE BOOT ON THE RIGHT FOOT.

A GOOD test of our secret opinion of the real loyalty of certain papers and persons is to ask the question whether we would intrust the safety of the nation to them in the present crisis.

There are papers and persons of whom Mr. Wickliffe is the fair representative. To read their terrible diatribes you would fancy that a dark and desperate body of conspirators had laid their hand upon the throat of the nation and were sworn to have its life-blood; were marshaled in battle-array and moving upon the very seat of the Government, justly exciting the ferocity of feeling with which they are denounced, and that these gentry were the Abolitionists: while certain of our fellow-citizens had fallen into error, not without great reason, and were called rebels.

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists," cries some slack-witted orator, "and the rebellion will end!" Of course it will, you dear soul; and if all your fellow-citizens had been of your calibre and kidney there would have been no rebellion at all. If Hampden and his friends had said, "Let us suppress these fellows who cry out against ship-money," England would have quietly submitted to the tyranny of the Stuarts. If Otis and Patrick Henry had shouted "Hurrah for King George and the stamp act!" there would have been no bloody revolution. If Mirabeau and the French people had bellowed "Hurrah for starvation: aristocrats forever!" all the trouble in France would have speedily ended. To be sure every right would have been annihilated, every liberty destroyed, and a few rich and remorseless people would have governed France; but there would have been no difficulty, except moral rot and general national decay.

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists!" But suppose you begin at the beginning. First subdue the common sense of the people of the country; then you may subdue those who influence it. It is not what you call with an amusing persistence abolitionism which caused the war, but the opening of the eyes of the people so that they saw. The people of this country know perfectly well that slavery is at the bottom of this rebellion. If there had been no slavery there would have been no war: just as there would have been no abolitionism. The temperance movement springs from drunkenness: and when a drunken man tries to kill his wife, don't you think that the tee-totalers are responsible for it?

Slavery was trying to kill the country. It had almost succeeded. "Watch! watch!" shouted the Abolitionists. Slavery, maddened that its crime was discovered, shot and stabbed right and left. "There! there!" cry the sensible Wickliffe and Company—"this comes of calling the Watch! Why the devil can't you hold your tongues? Let us suppress these fellows that cry Watch! watch! and all will be quiet again!"

Certainly: a dead dog or a dead nation are both perfectly quiet. And a nation of freemen throttled, with its own consent, by a slave system like ours, is the deadest and meanest of all dead dogs.

A LITTLE COMMON SENSE.

IT is constantly said by those who resist an unconditional patriotism as Abolitionism that the freedom of the blacks would overrun the North with laborers, and take the bread from the mouths of our working men. The Irish laborers especially are told that to enlist for this war is to fight for men who are their direct rivals; and every possible appeal is made to their prejudices and ignorance by newspapers and politicians that eagerly pander to the basest passions of human nature.

It can not, therefore, be too constantly and plainly repeated that the blacks live in a part of the country where they were born, to which they have the strongest attachment, and in which they

greatly prefer to live; that they naturally like the climate which is kinder, and the labor to which they are accustomed, and that the population is so thin that they are wanted where they are, every man of them, and as many more, and twice as many more. The only reason that they do not wish to stay is that they are not free men.

Why do not our laborers go to the South? Because they would not better themselves. Why do the slaves come North? Because they can better themselves by coming. But they better themselves only by getting free. If, therefore, any laboring man wants them to stay at home let him make it their interest to stay, and they won't trouble any body here at the North. If the men who cultivate the cotton-fields at the South were as free as those who cultivate the corn-fields at the North, they could not be hired to come here.

"But you don't mean to say that those fellows are equal to us?" cries an indignant somebody. Well, that is as it happens. Any man who behaves himself is a better man than he who doesn't. A man who gets drunk, and beats his wife, and curses his children, and is an ignorant, brutal sot and public pest and nuisance, is no better man because his nose is red and his cheek dirty white. Robert Smalls is a much more honorable man than Robert Toombs, however rich and flake-white the latter person may be.

And if the blacks are not equal to the whites—whatever the word equal may mean—then what? It is a universal law that the influx of the poor workman elevates the good one. The emigration of unskilled laborers from Europe to this country has promoted the native laborer to places of higher profit. If a race is inferior, a superior race need not be afraid of it. If God has made it inferior it will remain so, and you need not bother your brains about keeping it so. If it is made inferior, you may treat it with the utmost justice and charity, and still it will not become superior.

But if it is made inferior it is still a human race, with the attributes and instincts of other men; and if you treat it with infamous injustice and call it tutelage, and outrage and degrade it out of humanity and call it Christianity, it may remain silent and motionless; but God does not sleep, nor his justice slumber, and suddenly we gentlemen of the superior races will fall into the most sanguinary civil war, because injustice to any man affects all men, and because men and races, however humble, are human still.

If we want to keep the peace all round let us be just to every man. If you want the black laborer to stay at the South, do all you can to make him want to stay. Give him the same chance there that we all have here, and he will trouble us less than a good many white men that could be named.

A PATRIARCH.

In his last book Gasparin warns us of probable trouble with Europe. "End your war," he says, "or you will have more war than you bargained for." Meanwhile our particular friend Palmerston seems to be in no hurry. He remembers what Napoleon used to say, "When your enemy is eating himself up, keep off, he is doing your work for you gratis." The English Government evidently thinks that we are *in articulo*: that a very few months will see our final decease; and that Great Britain will have nothing to do but to pick our bones clean at leisure. The learned Spence, who does the secession for the London *Times*, rolls up his excellent eyes, lifts his admirable hands, and exclaims "There! you see it is impossible to subdue that gallant, that heroic, that noble people!"—the gallant and noble heroes who are fighting so hard to found an open market for children and a shambles for human flesh.

Meanwhile, also, the feeling in this country toward that eminently religious citizen of the world John Bull, is, at least, ceasing to be amiable. That benign old gentleman is wonderfully portrayed by Dickens in "Little Dorrit," as the bottle-green Patriarch. The Patriarch is a fat, elderly person, with a very smooth pate, and immense hands, which he is always rubbing with an air of such complacent good-will to mankind that you would think you beheld brotherly love embodied. He wears a spotless suit of bottle-green broadcloth, and turns his great face from side to side, with what you think is a beaming expression, until you see that the bland smoothness is only the lack-lustre chaps of a moon-calf, and that the great lump of man twiddling his fingers with such ineffable regard for the human race is a heartless, soulless old hunks, who grinds the face of the poor and bloats into fatness upon the tears, and agony, and despair of the innocent and weak and unfortunate.

This country will frankly own that it has been taken in for a long time by the bald pate, and the big paunch, and the beaming smoothness of John Bull. It credited him with a hearty, if bluff and surly generosity. It believed him capable of one high emotion. It knew him to be selfish and vain, but it confided in his being sound at the core. It saw in his history the steady, though bloody and difficult, development of great principles of free government, and it supposed he understood and valued them. That country finds him hoping earnestly for its destruction; in every mean and stealthy way helping the assassins who are trying to stab it to the heart; gloating over its reverses; taunting it with an early and terrible doom; jeering, sneering, scolding, and spitting upon it; and then blandly rubbing his hands with a slight shrug of sanctimonious horror, wondering that he should be thought unfriendly.

With John Bull, as with every other bully, the question is, "Shall I gain or lose by sailing into this quarrel?" His action depends entirely upon that. Nor will he contemplate it precisely as we do. We may prove to our complete satisfaction that he has nothing to gain by it, and just as our proof is complete he may take a hand. Let us end the war, therefore, before he has a chance to join in. One at a time. Is it worth while to drag on until we have another nation or two to fight as well as half of our own? And can we wisely afford to spare any stroke that will end it soon and triumphantly?

OF EPITAPHS.

What a pity it would be, cries a recent writer, if this epitaph should be written for the nation, that it lost its own liberty in trying to free others!

This is a current platitude, and ought to be pricked.

In the first place, if such an epitaph were written, it would be a nobler one than covers any nation in history. That of Rome reads, "Here lies a nation that lost its life in trying to steal the liberty of other people." That is not a very pleasing epitaph. Or how would the writer like to have ours read, "Here lies a people that lived and flourished by depriving other people of their rights?" It would be a good and true epitaph of Burke the murderer, or Turpin the highwayman, but it would not be a very glorious account of this nation, would it? Does the writer of whom we are speaking think that if Lafayette had died at the battle of Brandywine, where he was wounded in fighting for the liberty of another people, he would have died a fool's death or have left an inglorious memory? Could there have been a nobler, a more exquisitely Christian epitaph than this: "Here lies a Frenchman who died for the liberties of America?"

In the second place, this war is not a struggle of one people to free another. It is the effort of a nation to maintain the foundations of its own civil existence, which is the guarantee of ultimate liberty to every inhabitant of its soil.

But if, in the earnest prosecution of that war, it should, by the way and as a means of surer and speedier success, do a great act of justice which would relieve its political and social system of the incessant cause of irritation, would it be an event to be deplored? Nay, if, having done this, it were still unable to conquer, and its own civil liberties sank under the same tyranny which destroyed the personal rights of other men, would it be better that the effort had not been made?

Which is the nobler epitaph, "Here lies a people that lost its life in trying to save that of another:" or this, "Here lies a nation that died because it did not dare to save its life?" Death is not the worst catastrophe either for a man or a people. But to die of fear is inexpressibly ignominious.

HONORARY DEGREES.

College degrees have this year acquired a new significance. The two oldest Universities in the country have complimented with the degree of Doctor of Laws the two men in Europe who have most truly and eloquently stated and defended the American question. Harvard confers the honor upon the Englishman, John Stuart Mill, and Yale upon the Frenchman, Count Gasparin. It is interesting also that the Wesleyan University at Middletown has honored in the same way the Swede, John Ericsson.

This is the recognition upon the part of the representatives of educated America of the sympathy of thoughtful Europe. All men of a certain height of culture find their chief interest in man and human development. Such men form but one party in all countries and times. They are the tribunal to which the best men instinctively appeal. In England, for instance, while Lord Palmerston has a majority, and Lord Derby a party, and the radical leaders a following, John Stuart Mill is almost alone in the tone of his philosophy of society and civilization; and yet he most faithfully represents the tendency of the best English thought, and of that ideal England which symbolizes to the imagination the perfection of Saxon development.

English civilization is to be estimated by such men as Mill, not such as Palmerston and the editors of the *Times*. France is to be judged by Gasparin, not by Louis Napoleon and De Morny. America, in the same way, is to be contemplated in a very few thinkers, not in the general talk of politicians, or the scurvy dribble of panderers to ignorance and prejudice. If Palmerston were the best that England could show to-day, where would England be when to-day becomes history? If the words of those who point the inevitable and glorious tendency of our present situation were forgotten, what kind of spectacle would these days of ours offer to the Future?

In the degrees conferred upon Mill, and Gasparin, and Ericsson, the United States clasp hands with the noblest spirit of the contemporary world.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has he provoked by his humorous sayings. He was recently engaged in a sale of venerable household furniture and "fixings." He had just got to "Going, going, and a half, a half, going!" when he saw a smiling countenance, upon agricultural shoulders, wink at him. A wink is always as good as a nod to a blind horse or to a keen-sighted auctioneer; so Smith winked, and the man winked, and they kept winking, and Smith kept "Going, going, going!" with a lot of glass-ware, stove-pipes, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down.

"To—who?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger.

"Who? Golly!" said the stranger, "I don't know who."

"Why you, Sir," said Smith.

"Who? me?"

"Yes, yes; you bid on the lot," said Smith.

"Me? hang me if I did," insisted the stranger.

"Why, did you not wink, and keep winking?"

"Winking! Well, I did, and so did you at me. I thought you were winking as much as to say, 'Keep dark, I'll stick somebody into that lot of stuff;' and I winked as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister!'"

"Walk with the Beautiful" is the title of some verses which have been going the round of some of the papers. Old Skuddy attempted to follow the advice, and, after promenading with a pretty girl, went home, and was met by an indignant wife. He says he will not follow the advice of a poet a second time.

Make the best of every thing. If you have the jaundice, exult that you have a golden prospect before you.

Inside and Outside.—"Julius, I understand your aunt is dead." "Yes, Sam; and you heard ob her bein' rich?" "Of course." "Wa'al, she left me a big fortune an' my brodder too." "How did the will read?" "De well didn't read—a man read it." "I mean, what did she leave yourself and brother?" "Why she left him de inside ob de house, an' me de outside."

A man of property, whose health happened to give way under long-continued intemperance, consulted Dr. S——, who said, "I can cure you if you will do as I bid you." His patient promised obedience. "Now," said the doctor, "you must steal a horse. Yes—you must steal a horse. You will be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

"What is your fare, coachee?" said a stout gentleman, alighting from a hackney coach.

Coachee. "One shilling, Sir."

Gent. "One shilling! what an imposition for so short a distance!"

Coachee. "I'll take an oath it is my proper fare."

Gent. "Will you? Very well; I am a magistrate; proceed." (Coachee is sworn.) "There, that will do. The shilling I shall keep for the affidavit."

Storms generally are a mystery, but you can always see the drift of a snow-storm.

Scrutinize a lawyer when he tells you how to avoid litigation, and a doctor when he drinks your health.

The industrious old lady who walked all over town with a can in her hand to procure a quart of the "milk of human kindness," has been more successful in getting a little jam out of the door. She got the jam on her fingers.

Said an old preacher once, "Fellow-sinners, if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder" (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) "you might secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that there was five hundred dollars up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see."

An ambitious barber advertises himself as a "professor of Decoracapillaturation and Depilacrostation."

Did you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, windows and doors closed, eight on a side, limited of course to six, and among that number two women covered with musk? "Drivare!" said a Frenchman, "let me out of ze dore—I am suffocate! You 'ave vat you call one musty rat in ze omnibus. I 'ave no parapluie, mais I prefare ze rain-water to ze mauvais smell."

Some years ago, one of the guards of a Liverpool coach, seeing a steam-engine move somewhat slowly along the railroad, called out to the stoker, "I say, Jem, what's the use of your simmering along at that 'ere jog-trot? Come, can't you boil her up to a gallop?"

The youngest and prettiest girl is no chicken—if she is a goose. It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

Analogy.—When is a plant like a hog? When it begins to root. When is it like a soldier? When it begins to shoot. And when is it like an editor? When it begins to blow.

The *Farmers' Journal* says "that there is great art in making a good cheese." Yes, a fine fresh cheese is an admirable production of Art, and a very old one is often a rare specimen of "animated nature."

Extempore preaching is like extempore fiddling—none but the most finished performers should attempt it.

A Splendid Climate.—In California a "shower" continued about three weeks, when it "set in to rain."

The editor of a provincial paper talks about his frame of mind. A contemporary suggests that he may have the frame of one, but that is all.

An Oyster.—Why is an oyster asleep in his bed like Lot's wife?—'Cause he's "turned in" to salt.

To a gathering of learned friends, Adam Smith said, as he was dying, "I believe we must adjourn this meeting to another place."

A Fact.—The largest "marine stores" in the world are at the bottom of the sea.

"Elegant extract," as the dentist said when he took out two sound teeth at one pull.

True.—"Short calls are best," as the fly said when he alighted upon the hot stove.

It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

Poor Brown, who is married, says the only peace he ever has is a *piece* of his lady's mind.

The charities of a good many rich people seem altogether *indispensable*.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a naughty boy like a penny stamp?
Because he is licked and put in the corner.

My first two letters a man,
My first three letters a woman,
My first four a great man,
And my whole a great woman.
He, her, hero, heroine (heroine).

Which is the smallest bridge in the world?
The bridge of the nose.

If John the footman were to kiss Mary the house-maid, to what place of punishment would she consign him?
A dungeon ("adone, John!").

Why is Westminster Abbey like the fender?
Because it contains the ashes of the grate (great).

Why is a miser like a man with a short memory?
Because he is always for getting (forgetting).

Why is it better to be burned to death than to be beheaded?
Because a hot stake is better than a cold chop.

If a Frenchman was to fall into a tub of grease, what English word might he utter to show his deplorable state?
Indefatigable (in de fat I gabble).

My first will give a good estate,
The next is but an humble fate,
My whole will something proper make
To those whom faithless hearts forsake.
Wil-low.

Which of the seven wonders of the world is a locomotive-engine like?
Colossus (coal-osses) of Rhodes (roads).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A BATTLE NEAR CULPEPPER.

General Pope and Stonewall Jackson have met at last, and a fierce battle has been fought, apparently without any decided advantage on either side, save that our advance held its ground, which, considering the position, is equivalent to a victory. On Friday General M'Dowell's cavalry had the extreme advance, near the Rapidan River, and were engaged in skirmishes all day, taking some prisoners, and ending with a slight loss. On Saturday morning, while a large rebel force was endeavoring to surround and cut him off, General Banks came up with four regiments of cavalry, and delayed the rebel advance. In the afternoon he attacked their advance force of 15,000, under Jackson and Ewell, at a place about six miles south of Culpepper Court House. At first the contest was almost entirely by artillery, but at 6 o'clock the infantry became engaged, and a determined fight began. The rebels were in the woods—our men in open fields. General Banks's right, under General Williams, suffered severely. At this time the rebels attacked in full force. At 7½ o'clock P.M. General Pope arrived on the field accompanied by General M'Dowell and a part of his corps. The battle was then substantially over, General Banks holding his original ground. The artillery of both sides continued until nearly 12 o'clock, the night being very clear, with bright moonlight. Both Generals Pope and Banks were greatly exposed at one time, and a sudden charge of rebel cavalry was made to take them, but failed. The fire of the rebel batteries was afterward silenced. The troops were under arms and in position all night. General Banks is highly praised, both for personal gallantry and the management of his troops. The total loss is estimated at 2000 to 3000 killed, wounded, and missing on each side. Jackson and Ewell were both in the battle, and General A. P. Hill came up with 18,000 to reinforce them on Saturday night, about the time our men arrived. There was some skirmishing on Sunday morning, but the weather was hot, and the troops so much exhausted that no general engagement was expected.

IT WAS A VICTORY FOR US.

On Sunday the rebels fell back two miles, and sent in a flag of truce for permission to bury their dead.

NEW WAR ORDERS.

Secretary Stanton has issued two important orders. The stringency of these orders is in keeping with the exigencies of the times. The first forbids all those persons liable to draft from leaving the United States, or their State or county, upon pain of arrest; and in all such cases the writ of habeas corpus is suspended. The other one consigns all parties saying or doing any thing to obstruct enlistment to the nearest station-house by the hands of any United States officer, State officer, or policeman.

NEW YORK'S QUOTA.

General Morgan, Governor of the State of New York, has announced the quota of the State, for the draft call, to be 59,705, of which 12,518 forms the portion allotted to the city and county of New York. General Buckingham, Assistant Adjutant-General, has officially stated that "whatever volunteer force above its ratable proportion shall be offered by a State, any time before the draft is actually made, would be accepted by the War Department and credited upon the draft as a proportionable reduction."

DESTRUCTION OF THE "ARKANSAS."

The following is from the Petersburg *Daily Express* of 7th:

Richmond, *August* 8, 1862.

A dispatch from General Van Dorn to Secretary Mallory states that the Confederate ram *Arkansas*, Lieutenant Stephens commanding, had been destroyed. She left Vicksburg on Monday to co-operate in the attack on Baton Rouge. After passing Bayou Sara her machinery became disabled, and while attempting to adjust it several of the enemy's gun-boats attacked her. After a gallant resistance she was abandoned and blown up. Her officers and men reached the shore in safety.

GUERRILLAS BEATEN IN THE WEST.

A dispatch from Brigadier-General Schofield to General Halleck, dated at St. Louis on the 10th instant, states that Colonel M'Neil, with one thousand men, had beaten Porter's forces—two thousand five hundred strong—at Kirksville, on the 7th, and again near Stockton on the 9th instant. Porter's forces were said to be terribly demoralized.

A "MERRIMAC" AT SAVANNAH.

The new rebel ram *Fingal* is fully armed and manned at Savannah. She has been altered from the British steamer of that name which ran the blockade into Savannah last spring, and, it is said, is now quite a formidable engine of destruction. She carries two 100-pound rifle guns, six 10-inch Columbiads, four 50-pound rifle guns, and two 24-pounders for grape and canister. She is said to resemble the *Merrimac* in shape and form, with a massive beak at either end. Our troops are preparing to receive her. The plan of the rebels is said to be: first, to destroy our fleet, and then to move the *Fingal* around to Seabrook and there cover the landing of their forces; they, meanwhile, are concentrating land forces at Bluffton, at Hardeesville, and at Grahamsville.

TRAITORS AT THE NORTH.

Some extraordinary developments of latent treason have been made in Indiana. It appears the Grand Jury for the United States District Court of that State, at Indianapolis, have just presented a secret organization called the "Knights of the Golden Circle," whose purposes are declared to be treasonable. The Grand Jury show that there are 15,000 members of an order directly in league with the secessionists of the South. They have plans to avoid or defeat legal proceedings against them, and are sworn to resist the collection of Federal taxes, and go armed to their meetings. The Indianapolis *Journal* states, on this latter point, that during the late Copperhead Convention no less than five hundred revolvers were sold. Sixty of these men have been indicted—sixteen of them for treason.

WHAT THE WEST HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

The following table shows what the West has done for the war in the way of furnishing men:

Illinois	69,319	Kansas	8,303
Indiana	49,095	Minnesota	5,231
Missouri	40,256	Colorado	1,300
Wisconsin	22,588	Nebraska	1,240
Michigan	20,699		
Iowa	19,505	Total	237,534

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

REBEL SYMPATHIZERS SNUBBED.

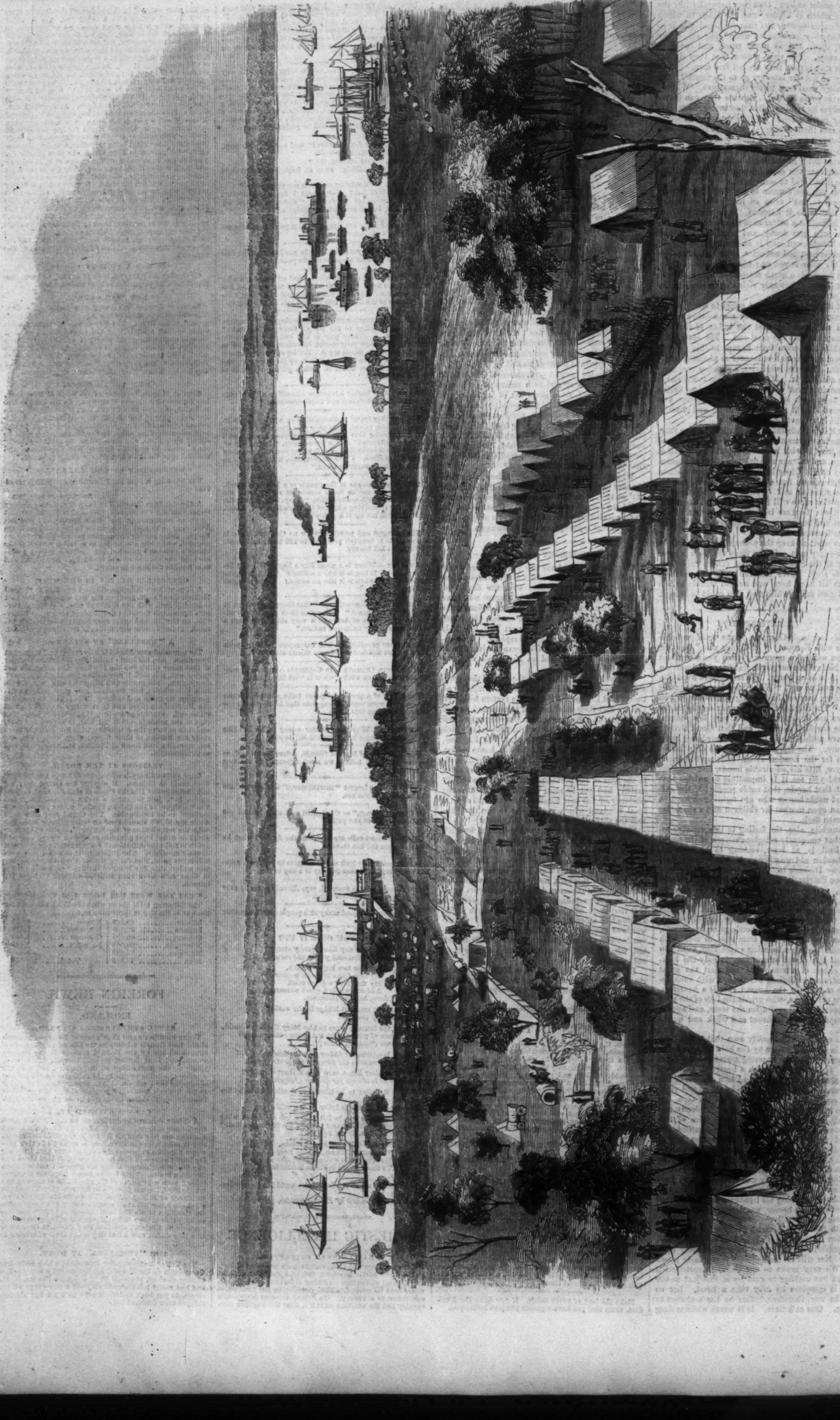
Forty merchants and shipowners of Liverpool memorialized Earl Russell relative to the alleged violation of international law by the Federal cruisers in the Bahama waters, and Lord Russell replied, through Mr. Layard, justifying the proceedings of the cruisers, owing to the practice of sending vessels to the Bahamas for the purpose of running the blockade. He recommends strict attention to the Queen's neutrality proclamation, which prohibits British subjects aiding either side in our present struggle.

CANADA SNEERED AT.

A debate occurred in Parliament on the 25th ult. upon the defense of Canada, in which Lord Palmerston said that England has now sent all the troops she could to Canada, and it rests with the Canadians to make all further provision requisite to protect the colonies from invasion. Sir De Lacy Evans said that he did not think that there was any immediate danger of any invasion of Canada by the Northern States. They had no means whatever of undertaking such a project. If the population of Canada was true to itself, it could preserve its independence without the assistance of British troops. To which Mr. Roebuck replied—in terms not at all complimentary to Canada—that the Canadian people had been induced to believe that the maintenance of their independence was of the greatest importance to England, and that they ought to show them that they do not care a farthing about their adherence to England.

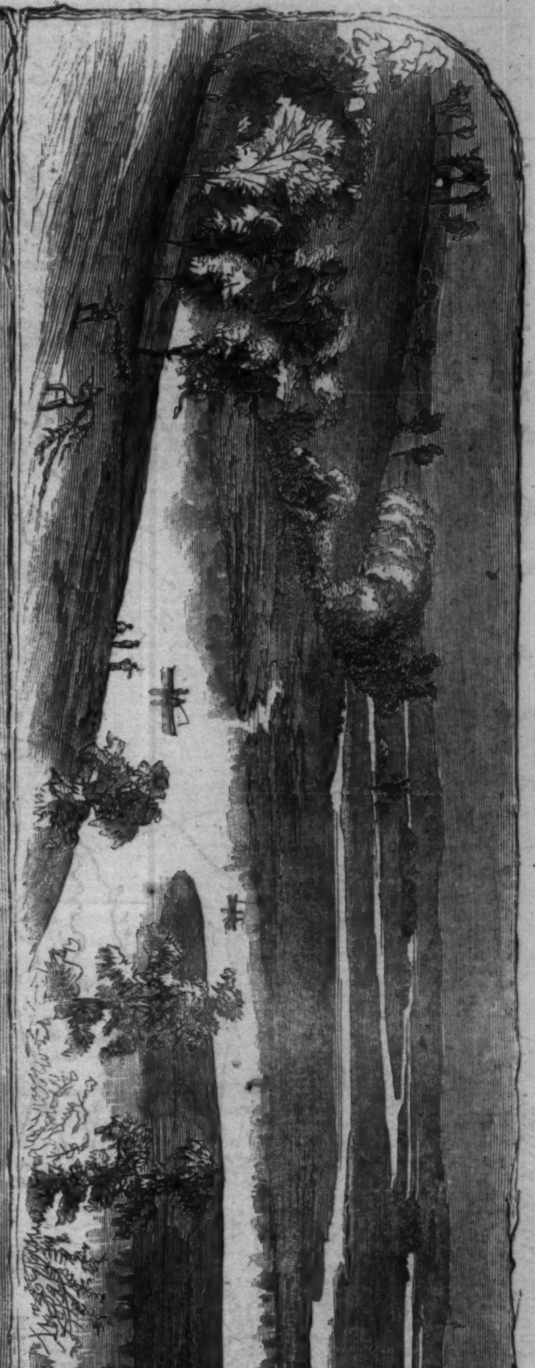
THE "TUSCARORA" AT WORK.

The United States steamer *Tuscarora*, which arrived at Queenstown on the 31st of July, has caused a new English trading steamer, supposed to be laden for Nassau, N. P., and had really left Queenstown with a war cargo for the rebels, to put back to Holyhead, where all her freshly-shipped crew deserted her.

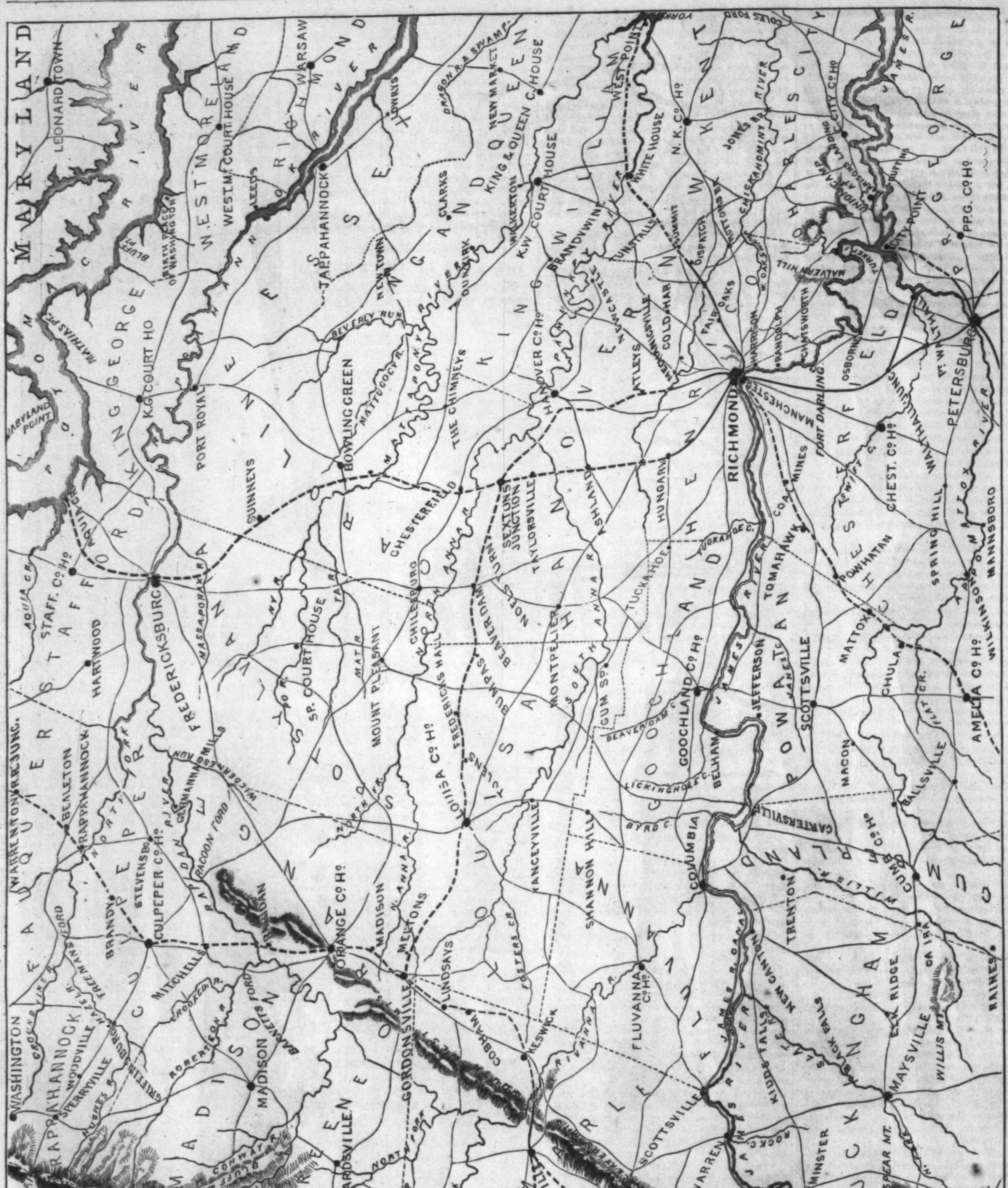


GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT HARRISON'S LANDING.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 535.]

KIMMIDGE'S CREEK, LEFT DEFENSE OF THE CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 535.]



HERON CREEK, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, ON WHICH THE RIGHT WING OF THE ARMY RESTS.



MAP OF THE COUNTRY SURROUNDING RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE RAILROADS, PRINCIPAL ROADS, WATER-COURSES, ETC.

RACHEL GREENOUGH'S BOOK.

Sunset on the East River—and a lovelier stretch of sky never gladdened the eye of beauty-seeking artist! A merry little music-box of an April shower was dimpling the turbid tides like the dance of invisible fairies, and the shining sheets of rain, sweeping away to wreathe themselves about the arch of a shadowy rainbow, whose solemn splendor gleamed athwart the heavens, were transformed into so many tiny kaleidoscopes, as the level sun streamed triumphantly over the spires of the great city. Involuntarily the passengers all thronged to the rough wooden guards of the uncouth little ferry-boat—the rudest laborer of them all felt a sudden thrill at his heart as the conqueror sun threw down his golden lance across the long line of tremulous waves: if he hadn't, he would have been an iron man indeed! When Nature speaks in some intonations all her children recognize her language and bow before it!

Rachel Greenough leaned over the guards gazing earnestly at the bright sky, her lips apart, and a flush upon her generally colorless cheek. She was not a beauty, reader, our Rachel: if you had passed her in the streets you would not have cared to look twice. She was merely a nice-looking girl, rather pale, with black hair growing low on her forehead, and gray, thoughtful eyes. But the stalwart young man at her side firmly believed there was no sweeter or truer face in all the wide world; and he ought to know, for hadn't he known her ever since they sat side by side on the wooden benches of the old red school-house under the hill? Hadn't he dwelt all his life within sight of the Old Poplar Farm which Rachel's father used to own?

"Isn't this a splendid shower, Rachel! How delicious the air is!" Rachel turned her large eyes wistfully up into his face.

"Don't it remind you of the April rains that used to patter on the brook, where the wild honey-suckles and the hazel bushes grew, Charles? Oh, how I long to escape from the whirl and tumult here, and feel the sweet country winds upon my brow!"

"So do I, Rachel," he answered; "you can't imagine how beautiful it looks at the old farm—the violets are all blue upon the southern slopes, and the borders where you planted the crocuses look as if they were edged with gold!"

"I wish I could see them!" murmured Rachel, with clasped hands.

"Then, dearest," urged the young man, eagerly, "why not accept my offer at once? Why need you stay here, working brain and health away, when I would so gladly toil for both? Rachel, you know how warm a welcome my mother would give you at the old homestead. Be my wife *now*, and the roses of the spring-time will be brighter to me than ever blossomed before!"

"Not yet—the time is not yet, Charles," she said, in a low voice, but one which was too decided to admit of appeal. "My mission is still unaccomplished."

"Rachel," said the young man, "I won't deny that your language is beyond my comprehension. You always were too good and wise for me, darling; but I'll wait your own time, even if it should be a hundred years!"

She put her little hand in his, with a confiding gesture that made his manly heart leap with gratified pride.

"I don't wonder you are tired of the city, Rachel," he went on, talking rapidly to veil his pleased embarrassment; "for even I, who have only been here a week, feel as if I were lost in its whirlpool. And you have lived here—let me see—"

"Ten years," said Rachel, quietly. "See, Charles, the boat has stopped: we are at the New York pier. And now, good-by!"

"And when shall I see you again?"

"I don't know, dearest—in Heaven's own good time. Until then, good-by!"

Charles Harford stood on the crowded pier, heedless of hurrying passengers and shouting cartmen—stood, firm and immovable as a post, his eyes shaded from the level sunshine with one hand, watching the slender little figure in gray dress and simple straw bonnet until it had disappeared in the swaying crowd. And then he turned slowly away, feeling as if he would give uncounted worlds to be a boy again, with a boy's privilege of "crying out" his grief!

The April shower had tinkled out its brief tune, and floated away, through the golden archway of sunset, to sprinkle other lands with baptismal dew. On the narrow panes of the little city window the lingering drops yet sparkled like stray diamonds, and all along the western horizon great ridges of luminous cloud-pearl lay heaped in fantastic piles and drifts. How it had rained! and what a faint, sweet odor there was in the moist atmosphere!—a smell of springing grass, and swelling leaf-buds, and moss-patches, sending up aromatic incense through layers of brown, fallen leaves. Even in the city street old Abel Greenough felt its undefined charm, and stretched his gray head out of the window, like a captive who looks through prison bars, and vainly yearns for his native land.

"Come, father, tea's ready!" said his bustling little better-half, who, with one eye on the clock and one on the singing tea-kettle, had spread the round claw-legged table, setting forth the cups and saucers of brilliant "flowing blue" ware, and elaborately disposing the rarity of the season—a tumbler of tapering crimson radishes, immersed to their necks in clear cold water—in the centre of the small feast. "I hear Rachel's footstep on the stairs; and here's your big cushioned chair, all ready for you. And I've bought the nicest radishes, and—why, father, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Greenough's cheerful, chirping tones had changed to an accent of grieved surprise as her eye fell on her husband's face.

"Oh, wife, wife!" groaned forth Abel, limping to his chair with rheumatism-cramped limbs, "it does seem as if I couldn't live, nohow, in this shut-up hole. I don't mind it so much in the winter; but when it comes to be this time o' year I feel as though I was perishin' for a breath of the winds that used to blow from the old pine woods under the Poplar Farm!"

Rachel's soft step, as she came into the room, with a fresh color in her cheeks and lips, interrupted him; but as she went up to give him his usual kiss of greeting he resumed:

"What's the use of all your book-learnin', and your pen-and-ink work, daughter? It can't give me back the old meadows and pasture land that was my father's afore me! I know you provide our daily bread for us, and you are a good, dutiful child, but what's the use? Livin' ain't *livin'* in this cooped-up swarm of houses, and a body might as well starve to death as pine to death! Why didn't you marry Charles Harford when you had a chance, and leave the poverty-stricken old folks to take care of themselves?"

Rachel pressed her cool lips on her father's burning brow. "Father, you are tired. You will feel better by-and-by."

And the old man, softened by those gentle tones, clasped his arms about his daughter's neck with a torrent of repentant words and tender apologies.

"Late that night Rachel sat at her writing, the shaded gaslight throwing its little circle of brilliance down upon the flying point of the busy pen, which had been her companion for so long.

"Rachel, dear, it's nearly midnight!" said the old lady, who was nodding in her chair, having long since laid aside the silver-bowed spectacles, and the blue woolen "knittin'-work" which had borne her company during the earlier part of the evening.

"I know it, mother, but I must work some time yet. Don't sit up for me!"

"Child, what *are* you so busy about?"

"Mother," said Rachel, leaving her work to come and kneel down by the old lady's side, her head resting on the lap that had been her refuge in so many childish troubles, "I am writing a book, and it is nearly completed!"

"A book? dear me, child; won't it take you forever?"

"Not quite," said Rachel, smiling; "but I particularly wish it to be a secret for the present."

"Well, then, I won't breathe a word—not even to father. But don't work yourself to death, darling!"

Rachel kissed the withered forehead, and went back with renewed vigor to her toil.

A year had passed away, more than a year, and the May days were growing longer and sweeter, when Rachel came home one evening earlier than usual.

"Father, would not you like to take a long ride to-morrow, with mother and me?"

"A ride?" repeated the old man, mechanically, "a ride into the country? Oh yes, let us go! I believe a sight of the green grass would do my old eyes more good than all the rose-water in the world!"

The next day came, and as the carriage rolled through fragrant country roads, where the banks on either side were sprinkled with butter-cups, and the gnarled old apple-trees shook their coronals of pink blossoms overhead, Abel Greenough's heart stirred with the glad feelings he had known as a boy, long, long ago!

"Rachel, this is something like *living!* But isn't this the Waynesborough road we are turning into? Do you mean to visit the Old Poplar Farm?"

"Would you like to see it again, father?"

"Would I *like* it, daughter?" repeated Abel, almost reproachfully.

Rachel leaned over to clasp the old man's tremulous hand.

"Dear father, you shall see it!"

There it lay in the mellow noonday sunshine, the stately poplars rearing their tapering spires, as of old, in front of the portico, and the grove of dark cedars still casting cloistral shadows on the velvet grass at the north of the house. The coral honey-suckle waved its clusters of bloom around the porch-pillars, as if not a day had elapsed since Mr. Greenough passed out beneath them with a breaking heart; and the brown-breasted robins, darting in and out of the patriarchal cherry-trees, eyed the new-comers shyly, as if uncertain whether they were friends or foes. Not a patch of moss more upon the low-eaved roof—not a grayer stain on the antique well-sweep, so clearly outlined against the dazzling sky—they might almost have quitted it yesterday.

"But, Rachel," said the old man, uneasily, "why is no one stirring about the place? Why does it look so deserted?"

"Mr. Jennings sold it a few days since, father, and it has been vacated, ready for the new occupants."

"And where are they, daughter?" he questioned, as he stood on the sunshiny porch looking wistfully about him.

"Here, dearest father!" said Rachel, throwing her arms about his neck. "We are the owners of the dear old Farm once more. I bought it, and paid for it yesterday. Will you take it as a gift from your own little Rachel?"

"But where—but how—?" stammered the bewildered old man.

"Father, it is for this that I have been toiling during the last eleven years. My work is done at last—tell me that you approve it!"

But ere Abel Greenough could answer a tall figure darted from the wall of cedars, and Charles Harford caught Rachel in his arms.

"Mysterious little riddle! And I should never have known this had not Jennings accidentally revealed the name of the anonymous purchaser of the Old Poplar Farm! But, Rachel, am I right in concluding that the mission you have so often spoken of is at length fulfilled? Rachel, is the time come when I may claim you as my little wife?"

Nobody could ever assert distinctly just what Rachel answered to this appeal, but it certainly wasn't "No." For when the purple-and-gold-winged butterflies swarmed in early June around the snowy blooms of the great white rose-tree under the southern windows, every bud was gathered to deck the dark braids of a quiet bride whose dress of moonlight-colored silk was scarcely more spotless than her heart.

Old Abel Greenough was in his glory that night, welcoming once more to his home the friends and neighbors he had known long ago, and never weary of telling how it was that he had come back to them.

"Charles," he said, as the handsome young bridegroom came to tell Rachel that the clergyman was waiting, and to arrange one last moss-rose bud in her hair, "I should almost grudge my little one to any one else than you. Take her, my boy, and if she makes half as good a wife as she has been a daughter, you've got a treasure worth all the diamond-mines of Peru!"

And so Rachel Greenough was married at last under the peaceful roof of the Old Poplar Farmhouse.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue our series of illustrations of The Army of the Potomac, from sketches by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. On page 532 we give a general view of

HARRISON'S LANDING.

Mr. Waud writes: "From the top of the old Harrison Mansion a good view can be obtained of the opposite shore, from whose thickly-wooded banks peeped till recently the old Ruffin House, now destroyed by the Union troops, in retaliation for the attack made from that locality on our camp. The river is, as usual, lively with shipping of all kinds, large and small; around the dock, near the middle of the picture, the craft belonging to the Sanitary Commission is clustered, taking off the sick. On the right is the dock, formed by about twenty barges, for the distribution of forage. Here there is always an army of wagons waiting to be served; and on the barges numerous tents of all conceivable shapes are raised for the convenience of the wharfmen and contrabands. In the foreground the tents of the principal hospital of the army appear pitched in what was once the garden of the Harrison Mansion.

HERON CREEK.

"Heron Creek, near Harrison's Landing [of which we give an illustration on page 533], winds through a soft, oozy marsh, covered with rank and luxuriant grass and inhabited by snakes, one of which bit a soldier last week so severely that he died. It makes a feature in the landscape quite picturesque, and renders the right of our line impregnable.

KIMMIDGE'S CREEK.

"Kimmidge's Creek [which we illustrate on page 533] forms the defense of the extreme left, and is as impassable as the creek on the right. It is a savage-looking hollow, filled with felled and burned trees, dense shrubbery, marsh and water—all commanded by the gun-boats on the James; as also is Heron Creek, on the right wing.

"Much as certain people at the North may affect to despise mud digging, it does not detract from the comforts—such as they are—of camp to know that the spade and shovel have made the position impregnable.

"This sketch will readily explain why the rebels have not found it in their hearts yet to attack M'Clellan. Frowning forts rising in embrazured tiers above the deep rifle-pits behind solid abattis, mounted with heavy guns, and defended by the Army of the Potomac—these are not the things which the Chivalry care to butt their heads against."

THE BALLOON AT WORK.

On page 541 we illustrate the departure of one of the Army Balloons, on board a river steamer, on a reconnoissance toward Richmond. The unwieldy mass sways gently on the breeze, and presents a very remarkable appearance as it moves up the river.

THE BURNING OF RUFFIN'S HOUSE.

We illustrate this affair on page 540, from a sketch by an officer of the *Mahaska*. On 31st July the rebels opened fire upon our transports and camps at Harrison's Landing, from field batteries on the opposite side of the river. The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the fight:

> The river opposite the landing is narrower than at any other part opposite the ground on which our troops are encamped, being only little more than half a mile wide. More than three shots could not have been fired when I awoke, jumped on the floor, and looked through the open front of my tent across the river. Directly opposite there was to be seen the rapid flashes of the rebel guns, while overhead and on all sides came one continuous stream of shot and shell, hissing and whizzing in the most lively manner, occasionally lighting up our whole camp, and giving the enemy a "fair show" at us.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> I had a good chance of observing the position of the rebel batteries, which were three in number, one being directly opposite the mail-boat landing, another about a mile further up, and the third opposite our lower forage wharf. I should think each battery consisted of about ten guns, all of which were 6 and 12 pounders. They were worked well and had the range nearly exact, but more than three-fourths of their shells did not explode.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> The whole of our gun-boats except one were away up the river some miles above the head-quarters of General M'Clellan. The flag-ship *Wachusett* was the nearest boat to us in that direction; the boat that was below was the *Cimerone*, which was the first that came up and engaged the battery opposite the mail dock. In splendid style she poured her broadsides into the secesh. Soon after the *Wachusett* joined the fray, and her monster guns sent their blazing contents into the cowardly foe that never attacks us except by stealth or surprise. Now the gallant men of the First Connecticut Artillery (Colonel Tyler's siege train) arrived from their encampment, more than half a mile away. There was only a guard left over the guns, the men being encamped the above distance from them, and in a few seconds the 32-pounders and the splendid Whitworths blazed away at the rebels, producing an electric effect, and in a few rounds completely silenced the rascals, who ran for their lives miles away out of range.

On the following day two regiments of regulars from General F. J. Porter's corps, crossed the river under cover of the guns of the *Mahaska*. As there was no landing-place it took them a long time to effect a landing. Squads of the enemy's horse were seen riding along the river banks some time previous, and great excitement was manifested while our troops were crossing. A landing was effected by the two regiments at six o'clock, and in a short time after dense clouds of smoke were seen issuing from the houses of the secesh, which were about one mile from the banks of the river. Ten houses—among others that of the Hon. Edmund Ruffin—were burned down by our troops. They landed under the protection of our gun-boats. Cheers rent the air as the fire was observed breaking out on the other side. When all was consumed our men returned.

OUR NEW IRON-CLADS.

On page 536 we give illustrations of the new iron-clad frigates *Ironsides*, now building at Philadelphia; the *Roanoke*, which is being converted into an iron-clad vessel at the Navy-yard, Brooklyn; and the *Whitney Battery*, which has just been completed at the foot of Eleventh Street, in this city. The following descriptions will add to the value of the illustrations:

THE "IRONSIDES."

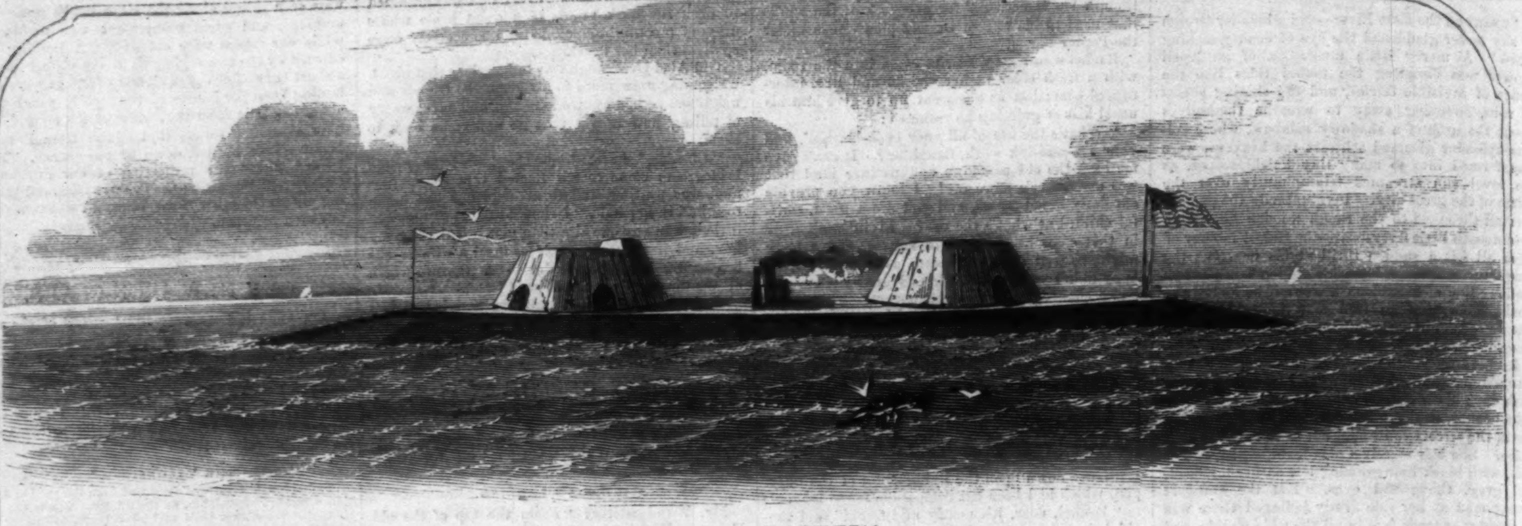
This splendid craft was launched from the yard of William Crump, Philadelphia, on the 9th ult. She is the first iron-clad vessel ever built at Philadelphia, and never was there any thing occurred at Philadelphia in ship-launching, since the launch of the *Pennsylvania*, to excite so much public interest as that which attended the gliding of the *Ironsides* into her native element. She is the first iron-plated sea-going war-steamer of large size built by the United States Government, and is constructed from plans and specifications presented to the Navy Department last September by Merrick & Sons, of Philadelphia, who are the sole contractors with the Government. They in turn contracted with Crump & Sons; also with the Bristol Forge and Bronen & Co., of Pittsburg, for the 4½-inch plating, reserving to themselves the construction of the machinery and the general arrangement of the several parts. The contract is dated October 15, and the vessel is to be ready for steam July 15. Chief Engineer W. W. Wood, of the navy, superintended the machinery and plating, and Naval Constructor Henry Hoover, the hull. She is 240 feet long, 58 feet 6 inches wide, and 25 feet deep, being 3250 tons, and having a berth, gun, and spar deck, the latter being shot-proof. Her frames are of white oak, filled in solid and calked, and the average thickness of her sides is twenty inches. The iron plating commences at a point four feet below her water-line, and extends to her spar-deck. The machinery consists of two horizontal direct-action steam-engines, with cylinders of 50 inches diameter and 30 inches stroke, intended to make 85 revolutions per minute, and drive a brass 4-bladed propeller of 13 feet diameter and 18 feet pitch. The boilers are four in number (horizontal tubular), each 17 feet front, 11 feet deep, and 11 feet high, of a collective force of 1600 horses. The armament will consist of sixteen 11-inch Dahlgren guns on the gun-deck, and two 200-pounder Parrott guns on the spar-deck. The port-holes will be closed by iron shutters five inches thick, worked from the inside. As this is a sea-going steamer, intended to sail as well as steam, she will have three masts, and be bark-rigged, her topmasts and yards being so arranged that in action they are lowered, and leave simply the three lower masts in view. When in action all the men on board are protected from shot or shell, and are below the spar-deck; the commander only is above that deck, and he occupies a shot-proof iron look-out, which rises above the spar-deck, and from which he can see all surrounding objects, and by signals communicate with the officers below. Unlike the *Monitor* and *Galena*, this vessel can carry a large crew, sufficiently so to board and capture any vessel. Impenetrable to shot and shell, she will seek close action, and by means of her iron prow sink, or by her heavy guns capture her opponent. Her light draught of water, 16 feet, will enable her to enter all our Southern harbors. Even Moultrie and Sumter can be visited by her, and she may be able to make an impression on those forts before they are repossessed by the United States.

THE "ROANOKE."

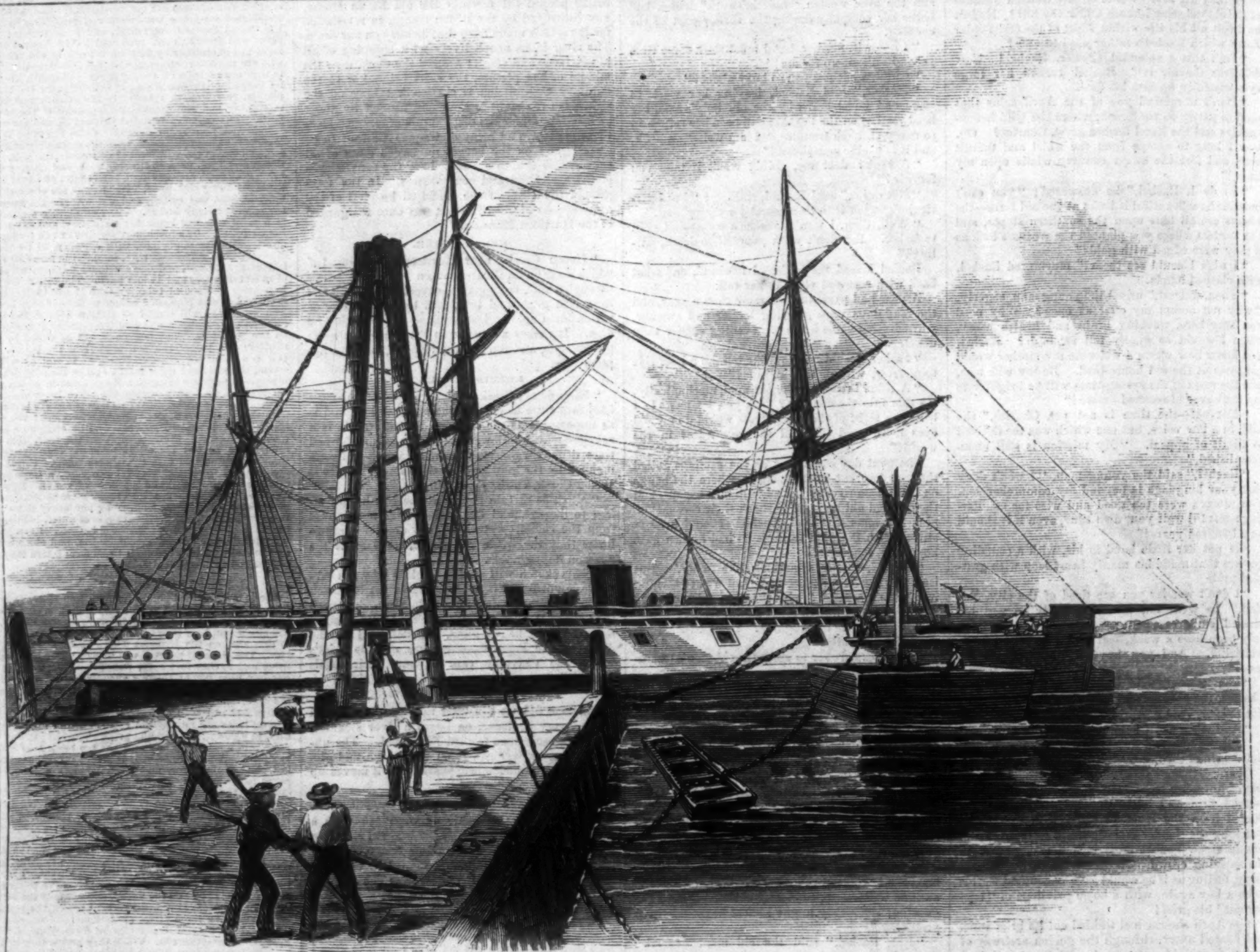
She is to be clothed amidships with iron plates ranging from three and a half to four and a half inches thick, which are to extend four feet below her water-line. She has also a couple of turrets, similar, but more formidable, to that used on the *Monitor*, with a powerful ram on her bow. The plates of the ram will be four and a half inches thick and twenty feet long, thus giving her a wedge on her bow nine inches thick. Each of the turrets will be twenty feet diameter inside, the plating of which will consist of eleven courses of inch iron. Each plate for a turret is nine feet in length by forty inches wide. Two courses of rivet holes are punched in each, and they are all bent, cold, in a powerful hydraulic press. The bed plate of the press is of a concave form, and the top block is of a convex form. A plate to be bent is placed upon the concave bed plate of the press, and when properly adjusted the pump forces up three rams under it, and the plate is reduced to the proper curve against the top block. The pressure to which each plate is submitted, to give it the proper curve, is three and a half million pounds. By this method of bending the turret plates cold, there are perfect uniformity and accuracy secured for the whole. The bending of the thick plates for the ram and also for the sides of the frigate is quite a different and difficult operation to perform compared with those of the gun towers. Each of these plates has to be bent to the proper curve to suit its own particular place on the vessel, and not only the broadside, but the edges also, must be bent to suit the particular curves. All these plates are hammered iron, and are furnished by several companies in Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts. When they arrive they resemble huge straight iron slabs, varying in length from eleven to twenty-two feet, and in breadth from twenty-two to twenty-four inches, and their average thickness is four and a half inches. One of eleven and a half feet in length weighs about four thousand two hundred and forty pounds; one of twenty-two feet in length, for the ram, weighs over four tons. Such masses of iron are difficult to move about, and the operations connected with bending them are necessarily tedious and troublesome, and they require great care and skill to conduct properly. Of course it is impossible to bend such masses of iron cold; hence each plate is first heated to nearly a white heat in a long furnace, shaped something like a baker's oven, with a movable arched cover. The press for bending is quite different from the one used for the turret plates.

THE GUNS.

On page 537 we give a series of illustrations representing the manufacture of the guns with which the *Roanoke* and the new *Monitors* are to be armed. They are what are called Rodman guns, having been first made by Captain Rodman, of the artillery, who afterward turned traitor and is now in the rebel service. Their peculiarity consists in their size, which is far greater than that of any other guns in existence. After being cast, a stream of water is poured through the muzzle, coming out at the vent, so that the gun is cooled from the inside, thus obviating flaws. There are being cast of these guns at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, quite a large number, some 15-inch, some 20-inch, and we hear of some even larger in the bore. The 20-inch guns will throw a solid ball weighing 1500 pounds, which would go through the side of any vessel ever constructed, or batter down almost any wall. It is intended to arm the new *Monitors* and all our coast fortifications with these guns.



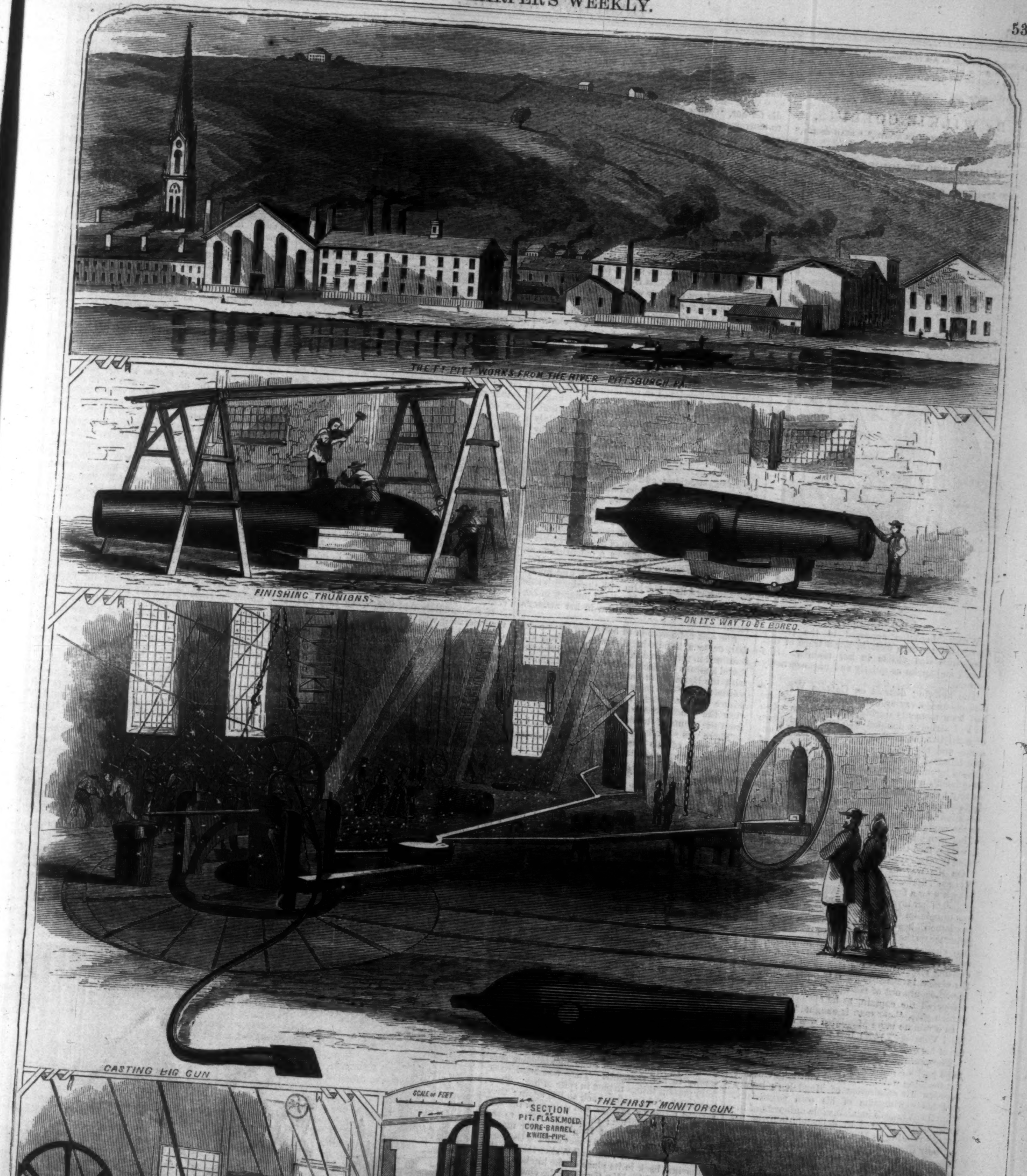
WHITNEY BATTERY.



IRONSIDES AS SHE IS.

ROANOKE.

SPECIMENS OF OUR NEW IRON-CLAD NAVY.—[See Page 535.]



MAKING GUNS FOR THE NEW MONITORS AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 535.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Magdalen appeared in the parlor, shortly before seven o'clock, not a trace of discomposure was visible in her manner. She looked and spoke as quietly and unconcernedly as usual.

The lowering distrust on Captain Wragge's face cleared away at the sight of her. There had been moments during the afternoon when he had seriously doubted whether the pleasure of satisfying the grudge he owed to Noel Vanstone, and the prospect of earning the sum of two hundred pounds, would not be dearly purchased by running the risk of discovery to which Magdalen's uncertain temper might expose him at any hour of the day. The plain proof now before him of her powers of self-control relieved his mind of a serious anxiety. It mattered little to the captain what she suffered in the privacy of her own chamber, as long as she came out of it with a face that would bear inspection and a voice that betrayed nothing.

On the way to Sea-View Cottage Captain Wragge expressed his intention of asking the housekeeper a few sympathizing questions on the subject of her invalid brother in Switzerland. He was of opinion that the critical condition of this gentleman's health might exercise an important influence on the future progress of the conspiracy. Any chance of a separation, he remarked, between the housekeeper and her master was, under existing circumstances, a chance which merited the closest investigation. "If we can only get Mrs. Lecount out of the way at the right time," whispered the captain, as he opened his host's garden gate, "our man is caught!"

In a minute more Magdalen was again under Noel Vanstone's roof; this time in the character of his own invited guest.

The proceedings of the evening were for the most part a repetition of the proceedings during the morning walk. Mr. Noel Vanstone vibrated between his admiration of Magdalen's beauty and his glorification of his own possessions. Captain Wragge's inexhaustible outbursts of information—relieved by delicately-indirect inquiries relating to Mrs. Lecount's brother—perpetually diverted the housekeeper's jealous vigilance from dwelling on the looks and language of her master. So the evening passed, until ten o'clock. By that time the captain's ready-made science was exhausted, and the housekeeper's temper was forcing its way to the surface. Once more Captain Wragge warned Magdalen by a look, and, in spite of Mr. Noel Vanstone's hospitable protest, wisely rose to say good-night.

"I have got my information," remarked the captain, on his way back. "Mrs. Lecount's brother lives at Zurich. He is a bachelor; he possesses a little money; and his sister is his nearest relation. If he will only be so obliging as to break up altogether he will save us a world of trouble with Mrs Lecount."

It was a fine moonlight night. He looked round at Magdalen as he said those words, to see if her intractable depression of spirits had seized on her again.

No! her variable humor had changed once more. She looked about her with a flaunting, feverish gayety; she scoffed at the bare idea of any serious difficulty with Mrs. Lecount; she mimicked Noel Vanstone's high-pitched voice, and repeated Noel Vanstone's high-flown compliments, with a bitter enjoyment of turning him into ridicule. Instead of running into the house as before, she sauntered carelessly by her companion's side, humming little snatches of song, and kicking the loose pebbles right and left on the garden-walk. Captain Wragge hailed the change in her as the best of good omens. He thought he saw plain signs that the family spirit was at last coming back again.

"Well," he said, as he lit her bedroom candle for her, "when we all meet on the parade to-morrow, we shall see, as our nautical friends say, how the land lies. One thing I can tell you, my dear girl—I have used my eyes to very little purpose if there is not a storm brewing to-night in Mr. Noel Vanstone's domestic atmosphere."

The captain's habitual penetration had not misled him. As soon as the door of Sea-View Cottage was closed on the parting guests Mrs. Lecount made an effort to assert the authority which Magdalen's influence was threatening already.

She employed every artifice of which she was mistress to ascertain Magdalen's true position in Noel Vanstone's estimation. She tried again and again to lure him into an unconscious confession of the pleasure which he felt already in the society of the beautiful Miss Bygrave; she twined herself in and out of every weakness in his character as the frogs and efts twined themselves in and out of the rock-work of her Aquarium. But she made one serious mistake which very clever people in their intercourse with their intellectual inferiors are almost universally apt to commit—she trusted implicitly to the folly of a fool. She forgot that one of the lowest of human qualities—cunning—is exactly the capacity which is often most largely developed in the lowest of intellectual natures. If she had been honestly angry with her master she would probably have frightened him. If she had opened her mind plainly to his view she would have astonished him by presenting a chain of ideas to his limited perceptions, which they were not strong enough to grasp; his curiosity would have led him to ask for an explanation; and by practicing on that curiosity, she might have had him at her mercy. As it was, she set her cunning against his, and the fool proved a match for her. Mr. Noel Vanstone, to whom all large-minded motives under heaven were inscrutable mysteries, saw the small-minded motive at the bottom of his housekeeper's conduct with as instantaneous a penetration as if he had been a man of the highest ability. Mrs. Lecount left him for the night foiled, and knowing she was foiled, left him with the tigerish side of her uppermost, and a low-lived longing in her elegant finger-nails to set them in her master's face.

She was not a woman to be beaten by one defeat, or by a hundred. She was positively determined to think, and think again, until she had found a means of checking the growing intimacy with the Bygraves at once and forever. In the solitude of her own room she recovered her composure and set herself, for the first time, to review the conclusions which she had gathered from the events of the day.

There was something vaguely familiar to her in the voice of this Miss Bygrave; and, at the same time, in unaccountable contradiction, something strange to her as well. The face and figure of the young lady were entirely new to her. It was a striking face and a striking figure; and if she had seen either at any former period she would certainly have remembered it. Miss Bygrave was unquestionably a stranger; and yet—

She had got no farther than this during the day; she could get no farther now. The chain of thought broke. Her mind took up the fragments, and formed another chain which attached itself to the lady who was kept in seclusion—to the aunt who looked well, and yet was nervous; who was nervous, and yet able to ply her needle and thread. An incomprehensible resemblance to some unremembered voice in the niece; an unintelligible malady which kept the aunt secluded from public view; an extraordinary range of scientific cultivation in the uncle, associated with a coarseness and audacity of manner which by no means suggested the idea of a man engaged in studious pursuits—were the members of this small family of three what they seemed on the surface of them?

With that question on her mind she went to bed.

As soon as the candle was out the darkness seemed to communicate some inexplicable perversity to her thoughts. They wandered back from present things to past in spite of her. They brought her old master back to life again; they revived forgotten sayings and doings in the English circle at Zurich; they veered away to the old man's death-bed at Brighton; they moved from Brighton to London; they entered the bare, comfortless room at Vauxhall Walk; they set the Aquarium back in its place on the kitchen table, and put the false Miss Garth in the chair by the side of it, shading her inflamed eyes from the light; they placed the anonymous letter, the letter which glanced darkly at a conspiracy, in her hand again, and brought her with it into her master's presence; they recalled the discussion about filling in the blank space in the advertisement, and the quarrel that followed, when she told Mr. Noel Vanstone that the sum he had offered was preposterously small; they revived an old doubt which had not troubled her for weeks past—a doubt whether the threatened conspiracy had evaporated in mere words, or whether she and her master were likely to hear of it again. At this point her thoughts broke off once more, and there was a momentary blank. The next instant she started up in bed, her heart beating violently, her head whirling as if she had lost her senses. With electric suddenness her mind pieced together its scattered multitude of thoughts, and put them before her plainly under one intelligible form. In the all-mastering agitation of the moment she clapped her hands together, and cried out suddenly in the darkness:

"Miss Vanstone again!!!"

She got out of bed and kindled the light once more. Steady as her nerves were, the shock of her own suspicion had shaken them. Her firm hand trembled as she opened her dressing-case and took from it a little bottle of sal-volatile. In spite of her smooth cheeks and her well-preserved hair she looked every year of her age as she mixed the spirit with water, greedily drank it, and, wrapping her dressing-gown round her, sat down on the bedside to get possession again of her calmer self.

She was quite incapable of tracing the mental process which had led her to discovery. She could not get sufficiently far from herself to see that her half-formed conclusions on the subject of the Bygraves had ended in making that family objects of suspicion to her; that the association of ideas had thereupon carried her mind back to that other object of suspicion which was represented by the conspiracy against her master; and that the two ideas of those two separate subjects of distrust, coming suddenly in contact, had struck the light. She was not able to reason back in this way from the effect to the cause. She could only feel that the suspicion had become more than a suspicion already: conviction itself could not have been more firmly rooted in her mind.

Looking back at Magdalen by the new light now thrown on her, Mrs. Lecount would fain have persuaded herself that she recognized some traces left of the false Miss Garth's face and figure in the graceful and beautiful girl who had sat at her master's table hardly an hour since—that she found resemblances now, which she had never thought of before, between the angry voice she had heard in Vauxhall Walk and the smooth, well-bred tones which still hung on her ears, after the evening's experience down stairs. She would fain have persuaded herself that she had reached these results with no undue straining of the truth as she really knew it; but the effort was in vain. Mrs. Lecount was not a woman to waste time and thought in trying to impose on herself. She accepted the inevitable conclusion that the guess-work of a moment had led her to discovery. And, more than that, she recognized the plain truth—unwelcome as it was—that the conviction now fixed in her own mind was, thus far, unsupported by a single fragment of producible evidence to justify it to the minds of others.

Under these circumstances, what was the safe course to take with her master?

If she candidly told him, when they met the next morning, what had passed through her mind that night, her knowledge of Mr. Noel Vanstone warned her that one of two results could certainly happen. Either he would be angry and disputatious; would ask for proofs; and, finding none forthcoming, would accuse her of alarming him without a cause to serve her own jealous end of keeping Magdalen out of the house—or he would be seriously startled, would clamor for the protection of the law, and would warn the Bygraves to stand on their defense at the outset. If Magdalen only had been concerned in the conspiracy this latter consequence would have assumed no great importance in the housekeeper's mind. But seeing the deception as she now saw it, she was far too clever a woman to fail in estimating the captain's inexhaustible fertility of resource at its true value. "If I can't meet this impudent villain with plain proofs to help me," thought Mrs. Lecount, "I may open my master's eyes to-morrow morning, and Mr. Bygrave will shut them up again before night. The rascal is playing with all his own cards under the table, and he will win the game to a certainty if he sees my hand at starting."

This policy of waiting was so manifestly the wise policy—the wily Mr. Bygrave was so sure to have provided himself in case of emergency with evidence to prove the identity which he and his niece had assumed for their purpose—that Mrs. Lecount at once decided to keep her own counsel the next morning, and to pause before attacking the conspiracy until she could produce unanswerable facts to help her. Her master's acquaintance with the Bygraves was only an acquaintance of one day's standing. There was no fear of its developing into a dangerous intimacy if she merely allowed it to continue for a few days more, and if she permanently checked it, at the latest, in a week's time.

In that period what measures could she take to remove the obstacles which now stood in her way, and to provide herself with the weapons which she now wanted?

Reflection showed her three different chances in her favor—three different ways of arriving at the necessary discovery.

The first chance was to cultivate friendly terms with Magdalen, and then, taking her unawares, to entrap her into betraying herself in Noel Vanstone's presence. The second chance was to write to the elder Miss Vanstone, and to ask (with some alarming reason for putting the question) for information on the subject of her younger sister's whereabouts, and of any peculiarities in her personal appearance which might enable a stranger to identify her. The third chance was to penetrate the mystery of Mrs. Bygrave's seclusion, and to ascertain at a personal interview whether the invalid lady's real complaint might not possibly be a defective capacity for keeping her husband's secrets. Resolving to try all three chances in the order in which they are here enumerated, and to set her snares for Magdalen on the day that was now already at hand, Mrs. Lecount at last took off her dressing-gown, and allowed her weaker nature to plead with her for a little sleep.

The dawn was breaking over the cold gray sea as she lay down in her bed again. The last idea in her mind before she fell asleep was characteristic of the woman—it was an idea that threatened the captain. "He has trifled with the sacred memory of my husband," thought the Professor's widow. "On my life and honor I will make him pay for it!"

Early the next morning Magdalen began the day—according to her agreement with the captain—by taking Mrs. Wragge out for a little exercise at an hour when there was no fear of her attracting the public attention. She pleaded hard to be left at home; having the Oriental Cashmere Robe still on her mind, and feeling it necessary to read her directions for dress-making, for the hundredth time at least, before (to use her own expression) she could "screw up her courage to put the scissors into the stuff." But her companion would take no denial, and she was forced to go out. The one guileless purpose of the life which Magdalen now led was the resolution that poor Mrs. Wragge should not be made a prisoner on her account—and to that resolution she mechanically clung, as the last token left her by which she knew her better self.

They returned later than usual to breakfast. While Mrs. Wragge was up stairs straightening herself from head to foot to meet the morning inspection of her husband's orderly eye, and while Magdalen and the captain were waiting for her in the parlor, the servant came in with a note from Sea-View Cottage. The messenger was waiting for an answer, and the note was addressed to Captain Wragge.

The captain opened the note and read these lines:

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Noel Vanstone desires me to write and tell you that he proposes enjoying this fine day by taking a long drive to a place on the coast here, called Dunwich. He is anxious to know if you will share the expense of a carriage, and give him the pleasure of your company, and Miss Bygrave's company on this excursion. I am kindly permitted to be one of the party; and if I may say so without impropriety, I would venture to add that I shall feel as much pleasure as my master if you and your young lady

"SHE LOOKED EVERY YEAR OF HER AGE AS SHE MIXED THE SPIRIT WITH WATER," ETC.

will consent to join us. We propose leaving Aldborough punctually at eleven o'clock.

"Believe me, dear Sir, your humble servant,

"VIRGINIE LECOUNT."

"Who is the letter from?" asked Magdalen, noticing a change in Captain Wragge's face as he read it. "What do they want with us at Sea-View Cottage?"

"Pardon me," said the captain, gravely, "this requires consideration. Let me have a minute or two to think."

He took a few turns up and down the room—then suddenly stepped aside to a table in a corner, on which his writing materials were placed. "I was not born yesterday, ma'am!" said the captain, speaking jocosely to himself. He winked his brown eye, took up his pen, and wrote the answer.

"Can you speak now?" inquired Magdalen, when the servant had left the room. "What does that letter say, and how have you answered it?"

The captain placed the letter in her hand. "I have accepted the invitation," he replied, quietly.

Magdalen read the letter. "Hidden enmity yesterday," she said, "and open friendship today. What does it mean?"

"It means," said Captain Wragge, "that Mrs. Lecount is even sharper than I thought her. She has found you out."

"Impossible!" cried Magdalen. "Quite impossible in the time!"

"I can't say *how* she has found you out," proceeded the captain, with perfect composure. "She may know more of your voice than we supposed she knew. Or she may have thought us, on reflection, rather a suspicious family; and any thing suspicious, in which a woman was concerned, may have taken her mind back to that morning call of yours in Vauxhall Walk. Whichever way it may be, the meaning of this sudden change is clear enough. She has found you out, and she wants to put her discovery to the proof by slipping in an awkward question or two, under cover of a little friendly talk. My experience of humanity has been a varied one, and Mrs. Lecount is not the first sharp practitioner in petticoats whom I have had to deal with. All the world's a stage, my dear girl, and one of the scenes on our little stage is shut in from this moment."

With those words he took his copy of Joyce's Scientific Dialogues out of his pocket. "You're done with already, my friend!" said the captain, giving his useful information a farewell smack with his hand, and locking it up in the cupboard. "Such is human popularity!" continued the indomitable vagabond, putting the key cheerfully in his pocket. "Yesterday Joyce was my all-in-all. To-day I don't care that for him!" He snapped his fingers and sat down to breakfast.

"I don't understand you," said Magdalen, looking at him angrily. "Are you leaving me to my own resources for the future?"

"My dear girl!" cried Captain Wragge, "can't you accustom yourself to my dash of humor yet? I have done with my ready-made science, simply because I am quite sure that Mrs. Lecount has done believing in me. Haven't I accepted the invitation to Dunwich? Make your mind easy. The help I have given you already counts for nothing compared with the help I am going to give you now. My honor is concerned in bowling out Mrs. Lecqunt. This last move of hers has made it a personal matter between us. *The woman actually thinks she can take me in!!!*" cried the captain, striking his knife-handle on the table in a transport of virtuous indignation. "By Heavens, I never was so insulted before in my life! Draw your chair in to the table, my dear, and give me half a minute's attention to what I have to say next."

Magdalen obeyed him. Captain Wragge cautiously lowered his voice before he went on.

"I have told you all along," he said, "the one thing needful is never to let Mrs. Lecount catch you with your wits wool-gathering. I say the same, after what has happened this morning. Let her suspect you! I defy her to find a fragment of foundation for her suspicions unless we help her. We shall see to-day if she has been foolish enough to betray herself to her master before she has any facts to support her. I doubt it. If she has told him, we will rain down proofs of our identity with the Bygraves on his feeble little head till it absolutely aches with conviction. You have two things to do on this excursion. First, to distrust every word Mrs. Lecount says to you. Secondly, to exert all your fascinations, and make sure of Mr. Noel Vanstone, dating from to-day. I will give you the opportunity when we leave the carriage and take our walk at Dunwich. Wear your hat, wear your smile; do your figure justice, lace tight; put on your neatest boots and brightest gloves; tie the miserable little wretch to your apron-string—tie him fast; and leave the whole management of this matter after that to me. Steady! here is Mrs. Wragge: we must be doubly careful in looking after her now. Show me your cap, Mrs. Wragge! show me your shoes! What do I see on your apron? A spot? I won't have spots! Take it off after breakfast and put on another. Pull your chair to the middle of the table—more to the left—more still. Make the breakfast."

At a quarter before eleven Mrs. Wragge (with her own entire concurrence) was dismissed to the back-room, to bewilder herself over the science of dressmaking for the rest of the day. Punctually as the clock struck the hour Mrs. Lecount and her master drove up to the gate of North Shingles, and found Magdalen and Captain Wragge waiting for them in the garden.

On the way to Dunwich nothing occurred to disturb the enjoyment of the drive. Mr. Noel Vanstone was in excellent health and high good-humor. Lecount had apologized for the little misunderstanding of the previous night; Lecount had petitioned for the excursion as a treat to herself. He thought of these concessions, and looked at Magdalen, and smirked and simpered without intermission. Mrs. Lecount acted her part to perfection. She was motherly with Magdalen, and tenderly attentive to Noel Vanstone. She was deeply interested in Captain Wragge's conversation, and meekly disappointed to find it turn on general subjects to the exclusion of science. Not a word or look escaped her which hinted in the remotest degree at her real purpose. She was dressed with her customary elegance and propriety; and she was the only one of the party on that sultry summer's day who was perfectly cool in the hottest part of the journey.

As they left the carriage on their arrival at Dunwich, the captain seized a moment when Mrs. Lecount's eye was off him and fortified Magdalen by a last warning word.

"'Ware the cat!" he whispered. "She will show her claws on the way back."

They left the village and walked to the ruins of a convent near at hand—the last relic of the once-populous city of Dunwich which has survived the destruction of the place centuries since by the all-devouring sea. After looking at the ruins they sought the shade of a little wood between the village and the low sand-hills which overlook the German Ocean. Here Captain Wragge manœuvred so as to let Magdalen and Noel Vanstone advance some distance in front of Mrs. Lecount and himself—took the wrong path, and immediately lost his way with the most consummate dexterity. After a few minutes wandering (in the wrong direction) he reached an open space near the sea, and politely opening his camp-stool for the housekeeper's accommodation, proposed waiting where they were until the missing members of the party came that way and discovered them.

Mrs. Lecount accepted the proposal. She was perfectly well aware that her escort had lost himself on purpose; but that discovery exercised no disturbing influence on the smooth amiability of her manner. Her day of reckoning with the captain had not come yet—she merely added the new item to her list, and availed herself of the camp-stool. Captain Wragge stretched himself in a romantic attitude at her feet; and the two determined enemies (grouped like two lovers in a picture) fell into as easy and pleasant a conversation as if they had been friends of twenty years' standing.

"I know you, ma'am!" thought the captain, while Mrs. Lecount was talking to him. "You would like to catch me tripping in my ready-made science, and you wouldn't object to drown me in the Professor's Tank!"

"You villain with the brown eye and the green!" thought Mrs. Lecount, as the captain caught the ball of conversation in his turn; "thick as your skin is I'll sting you through it yet!" In this frame of mind toward each other, they talked fluently on general subjects, on public affairs, on local scenery, on society in England and society in Switzerland, on health, climate, books, marriage, and money—talked without a moment's pause, without a single misunderstanding on either side for nearly an hour before Magdalen and Noel Vanstone strayed that way and made the party of four complete again.

When they reached the Inn at which the carriage was waiting for them, Captain Wragge left Mrs. Lecount in undisturbed possession of her master and signed to Magdalen to drop back for a moment and speak to him.

"Well?" asked the captain in a whisper; "is he fast to your apron-string?"

She shuddered from head to foot as she answered.

"He has kissed my hand," she said. "Does that tell you enough? Don't let him sit next me on the way home! I have borne all I can bear—spare me for the rest of the day."

"I'll put you on the front seat of the carriage," replied the captain, "side by side with me."

On the journey back Mrs. Lecount verified Captain Wragge's prediction. She showed her claws.

The time could not have been better chosen; the circumstances could hardly have favored her more. Magdalen's spirits were depressed; she was weary in body and mind; and she sat exactly opposite the housekeeper—who had been compelled by the new arrangement to occupy the seat of honor next her master. With every facility for observing the slightest changes that passed over Magdalen's face, Mrs. Lecount tried her first experiment by leading the conversation to the subject of London, and to the relative advantages offered to residents by the various quarters of the metropolis on both sides of the river. The ever-ready Wragge penetrated her intention sooner than she had anticipated, and interposed immediately. "You're coming to Vauxhall Walk, ma'am," thought the captain; "I'll get there before you."

He entered at once into a purely fictitious description of the various quarters of London in which he had himself resided, and adroitly mentioning Vauxhall Walk as one of them, saved Magdalen from the sudden question relating to that very locality with which Mrs. Lecount had proposed startling her to begin with. From his residences he passed smoothly to himself, and poured his whole family history (in the character of Mr. Bygrave) into the housekeeper's ears—not forgetting his brother's grave in Honduras, with the monument by the self-taught negro artist, and his brother's hugely corpulent widow, on the ground-floor of the boarding-house at Cheltenham. As a means of giving Magdalen time to compose herself this outburst of autobiographical information attained its object, but it answered no other purpose. Mrs. Lecount listened, without being imposed on by a single word the captain said to her. He merely confirmed her conviction of the hopelessness of taking Noel Vanstone into her confidence before she had facts to help her against Captain Wragge's otherwise unassailable position in the identity which he had assumed. She quietly waited until he had done, and then returned to the charge.

"It is a coincidence that your uncle should once have resided in Vauxhall Walk," she said, addressing herself to Magdalen. "My master has a house in the same place; and we lived there before we came to Aldborough. May I inquire, Miss Bygrave, whether you know any thing of a lady named Miss Garth?"

This time she put the question before the captain could interfere. Magdalen ought to have been prepared for it by what had already passed in her presence; but her nerves had been shaken by the earlier events of the day, and she could only answer the question in the negative, after an instant's preliminary pause to control herself. Her hesitation was of too momentary a nature to attract the attention of any unsuspicious person. But it lasted long enough to confirm Mrs. Lecount's private convictions, and to encourage her to advance a little further.

"I only asked," she continued, steadily fixing her eyes on Magdalen, steadily disregarding the efforts which Captain Wragge made to join in the conversation, "because Miss Garth is a stranger to me, and I am curious to find out what I can about her. The day before we left town, Miss Bygrave, a person who presented herself under the name I have mentioned, paid us a visit under very extraordinary circumstances."

With a smooth, ingratiating manner, with a refinement of contempt that was little less than devilish in its ingenious assumption of the language of pity, she now boldly described Magdalen's appearance in disguise, in Magdalen's own presence. She slightingly referred to the master and mistress of Combe-Raven as persons who had always annoyed the elder and more respectable branch of the family; she mourned over the children as following their parents' example, and attempting to take a mercenary advantage of Mr. Noel Vanstone under the protection of a respectable person's character and a respectable person's name. Cleverly including her master in the conversation, so as to prevent the captain from effecting a diversion in that quarter; sparing no petty aggravation, striking at every tender place which the tongue of a spiteful woman can wound, she would, beyond all doubt, have carried her point, and tortured Magdalen into openly betraying herself, if Captain Wragge had not checked her in full career by a loud exclamation of alarm and a sudden clutch at Magdalen's wrist.

"Ten thousand pardons, my dear madam!" cried the captain. "I see in my niece's face, I feel in my niece's pulse, that one of her violent neuralgic attacks has come on again. My dear girl! Why hesitate among friends to confess that you are in pain? What mistimed politeness! Her face shows she is suffering—doesn't it, Mrs. Lecount? Darting pains, Mr. Vanstone, darting pains on the left side of the head. Pull down your veil, my dear, and lean on me. Our friends will excuse you; our excellent friends will excuse you for the rest of the day."

Before Mrs. Lecount could throw an instant's doubt on the genuineness of the neuralgic attack her master's fidgety sympathy declared itself exactly as the captain had anticipated, in the most active manifestations. He stopped the carriage, and insisted on an immediate change in the arrangement of the places—the comfortable back seat for Miss Bygrave and her uncle, the front seat for Lecount and himself. Had Lecount got her smelling-bottle? Excellent creature! Let her give it directly to Miss Bygrave, and let the coachman drive carefully. If the coachman shook Miss Bygrave he should not have a half-penny for himself. Mesmerism was frequently useful in these cases. Mr. Noel Vanstone's father had been the most powerful mesmerist in Europe, and Mr. Noel Vanstone was his father's son. Might he mesmerize? Might he order that infernal coachman to draw up in a shady place adapted for the purpose? Would medical help be preferred? Could medical help be found any nearer than Aldborough? That ass of a coachman didn't know. Stop every respectable man who passed in a gig, and ask him if he was a doctor! So Mr. Noel Vanstone ran on—with brief intervals for breathing-time—in a continually ascending scale of sympathy and self-importance throughout the drive home.

Mrs. Lecount accepted her defeat without uttering a word. From the moment when Captain Wragge interrupted her her thin lips closed, and opened no more for the remainder of the journey. The warmest expressions of her master's anxiety for the suffering young lady provoked from her no outward manifestations of anger. She took as little notice of him as possible. She paid no attention whatever to the captain, whose exasperating consideration for his vanquished enemy made him more polite to her than ever. The nearer and the nearer they got to Aldborough, the more and more fixedly Mrs. Lecount's hard black eyes looked at Magdalen reclining on the opposite seat, with her eyes closed and her veil down. It was only when the carriage stopped at North Shingles, when Captain Wragge was handing Magdalen out, that the housekeeper at last condescended to notice him. As he smiled and took off his hat at the carriage-door the strong restraint she had laid on herself suddenly gave way, and she flashed one look at him which scorched up the captain's politeness on the spot. He turned at once, with a hasty acknowledgment of Noel Vanstone's last sympathetic inquiries, and took Magdalen into the house.

"I told you she would show her claws," he said. "It is not my fault that she scratched you before I could stop her. She hasn't hurt you, has she?"

"She has hurt me to some purpose," said Magdalen—"she has given me the courage to go on. Say what must be done to-morrow, and trust me to do it." She sighed heavily as she said those words, and went up to her room.

Captain Wragge walked meditatively into the parlor and sat down to consider. He felt by no means so certain as he could have wished of the next proceeding on the part of the enemy after the defeat of that day. The housekeeper's farewell look had plainly informed him that she was not at the end of her resources yet, and the old militiaman felt the full importance of preparing himself in good time to meet the next step which she took in advance. He lit a cigar, and bent his wary mind on the dangers of the future.

While Captain Wragge was considering in the parlor at North Shingles, Mrs. Lecount was meditating in her bedroom at Sea View. Her exasperation at the failure of her first attempt to expose the conspiracy had not blinded her to the instant necessity of making a second effort before Noel Vanstone's growing infatuation got beyond her control. The snare set for Magdalen having failed, the chance of entrapping Magdalen's sister was the next chance to try. Mrs. Lecount ordered a cup of tea, opened her writing-case, and began the rough draught of a letter to be sent to Miss Vanstone the elder by the morrow's post.

So the day's skirmish ended. The heat of the battle was yet to come.

"PARVULI."

STREAMETH the sunset through the pane,
Glitter the drops of summer-rain,
That, soothing, fall in sparkling shower
Upon the couching Passion-flower.

As pensive, but not sad, I muse
Upon—*a tiny pair of shoes!*
A tiny white-laced frock. Ah! well,
I love the pretty "bagatelle!"

A cradle-couch beside my knee,
A tiny home of mystery;
The little fingers in their clasp
The coverlet unconscious grasp.

As yet unwaked, the soul within
Her Chrysalis lies slumbering.
The first blush of that opening rose—
Who dreams what in the casket grows?

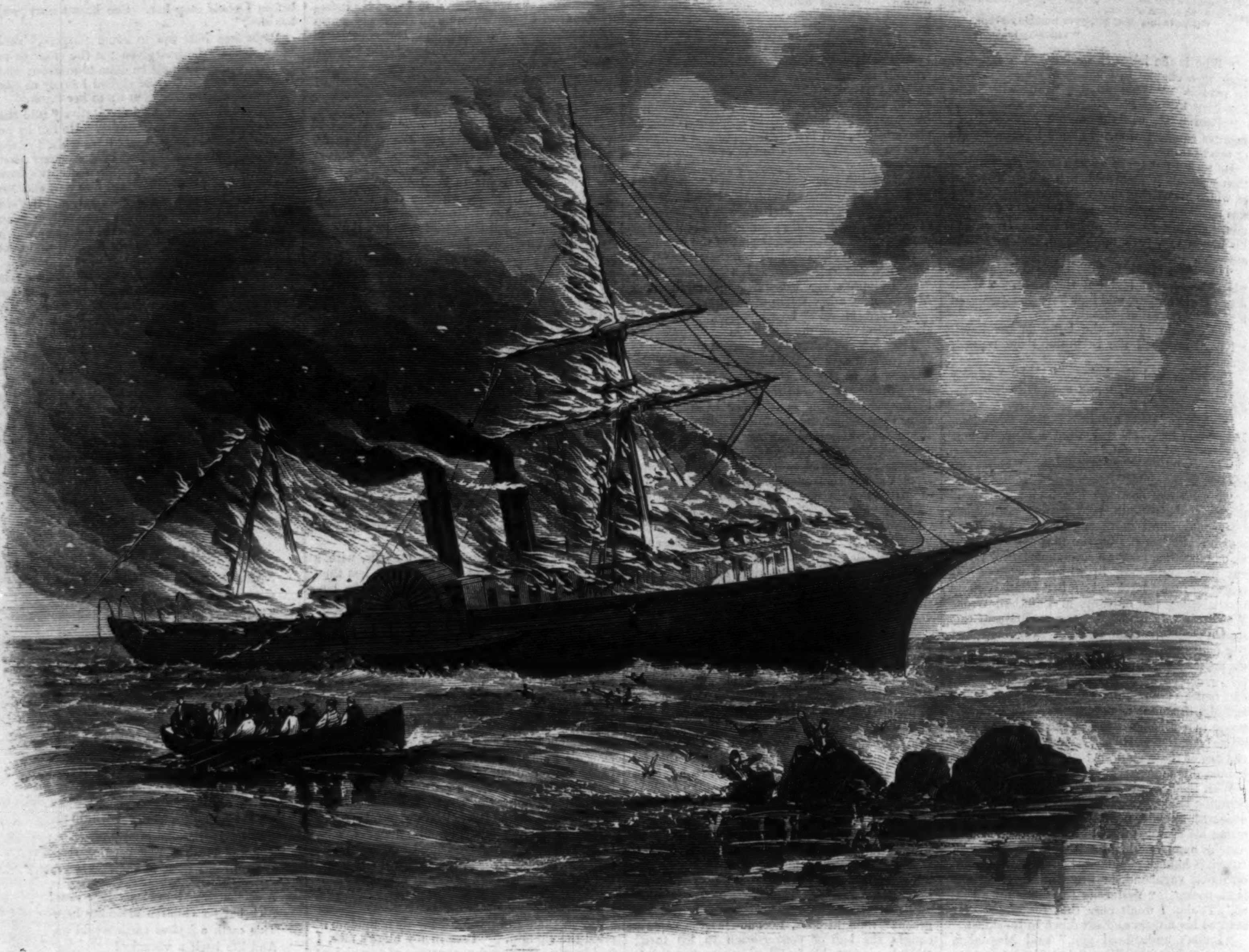
A solemn trust!—and yet how dear!
Ah! but for children blooming here
This earth a joyless earth would be,
And life itself a vacancy!

'Tis little fingers mould us all,
'Tis little voices heavenward call,
'Tis little hearts that heaven prepare,
And little angels lead us there!

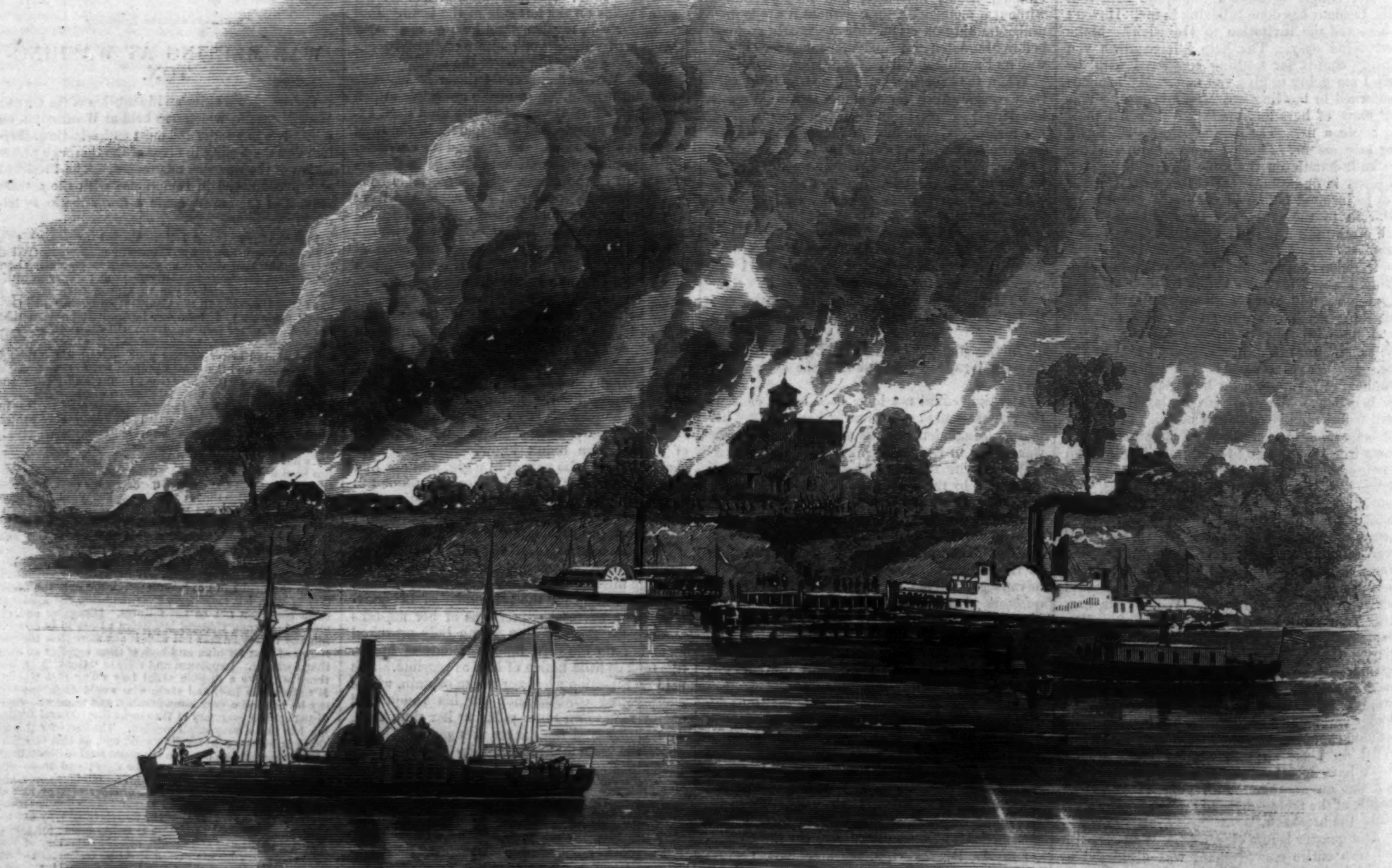
WAR MEETING AT WASHINGTON.

ON page 529 we give an illustration of the GREAT WAR MEETING which was held at Washington on 6th. It was a large and most enthusiastic gathering, and the feeling in favor of the thorough prosecution of the war was unanimous. The President was present, and in compliance with the earnest request of the crowd, made a few remarks as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I believe there is no precedent for my appearing before you on this occasion—[applause]—but it is also true that there is no precedent for your being here yourselves—[applause and laughter]—and I offer in justification of myself and of you that, upon examination, I have found nothing in the Constitution against it. [Renewed applause.] I, however, have an impression that there are younger gentleman who will entertain you better—[voices—"No, no: none can do better than yourself; go on!"]—and better address your understanding than I will or could, and therefore I propose but to detain you a moment longer. [Cries—"Go on! Tar and feather the rebels!"] I am very little inclined on any occasion to say any thing unless I hope to produce some good by it. [A voice—"You do that. Go on!"] The only thing I think of just now not likely to be better said by some one else is a matter in which we have heard some other persons blamed for what I did myself. [Voice—"What is it?"] There has been a very wide-spread attempt to have a quarrel between General M'Clellan and the Secretary of War. Now, I occupy a position that enables me to believe at least these two gentlemen are not nearly so deep in the quarrel as some presuming to be their friends. [Cries of "Good!"] General M'Clellan's attitude is such that in the very selfishness of his nature he can not but wish to be successful—and I hope he will—and the Secretary of War is precisely in the same situation. If the military commanders in the field can not be successful, not only the Secretary of War, but myself, for the time being the master of them both, can not be but failures. [Laughter and applause.] I know General M'Clellan wishes to be successful, and I know he does not wish it any more than the Secretary of War for him, and both of them together no more than I wish it. [Applause and cries of "Good!"] Sometimes we have a dispute about how many men General M'Clellan has had, and those who would disparage him say he has had a very large number, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War insist that General M'Clellan has had a very small number. The basis for this is, there is always a wider difference, and, on this occasion, perhaps a wide one between the grand total on M'Clellan's rolls and the men actually fit for duty; and those who would disparage him talk of the grand total on paper, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War talk of those at present fit for duty. General M'Clellan has sometimes asked for things that the Secretary of War did not give him. General M'Clellan is not to blame for asking for what he wanted and needed, and the Secretary of War is not to blame for not giving when he had none to give. [Applause, laughter, and cries of "Good, good!"] And I say here, so far as I know, the Secretary of War has withheld no one thing at any time in my power to give him. [Wild applause, and a voice—"Give him enough now!"] I have no accusation against him. I believe he is a brave and able man—[applause]—and I stand here, as justice requires me to do, to take upon myself what has been charged on the Secretary of War as withholding from him. I have talked longer than I expected to do—[cries of "No," "no;" "go on!"] and now I avail myself of my privilege of saying no more.



THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY'S STEAMER "GOLDEN GATE," BURNED AT SEA JULY 27, 1862.—[See next Page.]



THE UNITED STATES INFANTRY BURNING THE HOUSE OF THE REBEL RUFFIN UNDER THE GUNS OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "MAHASKA."
Sketched by an Officer of the "Mahaska."—[See Page 535.]

THE MURDER OF GENERAL ROBERT L. M'COOK, NEAR SALEM, ALABAMA.—[SEE PAGE 530.]

STEINWAY'S PIANOS.

WE publish below two illustrations of STEINWAY'S PIANOS, made by Steinway & Sons, of Walker Street, New York City, which received a first prize medal at the London Exhibition, having been characterized by the jurors as "Powerful, clear, brilliant, and sympathetic tone of piano, with excellent workmanship shown in grand and square pianos."

In order to show how widely these pianos are appreciated abroad, we subjoin a few extracts.

The London *News of the World* (illustrated) says of these pianos:

"These magnificent pianos, manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, of New York, are without doubt the musical gems of the Exhibition of 1862. They possess a tone that is the most liquid and bell-like we have ever heard, and combine the qualities of brilliancy and great power without the slightest approach to harshness. We will describe, as well as we are able, the peculiarities belonging to them. The bass-covered strings are carried over and across the lower steel ones. By adopting this plan the bridge on which the covered strings rest is in the middle of the back part of the sounding-board, which naturally gives them a greater amount of vibration than if the bridge were placed on one side of the sounding-board, as in our English pianos. The manner in which the metallic plate and bars are arranged is very excellent, the whole being cast in one piece, by which means all possibility of jarring (which frequently occurs when the bars and plate are made separately) is done away with. Messrs. Steinway's patent repetition action is another great feature in these pianos, for although it produces a repeat of the most perfect kind—has a check that is firm and unvarying, and of a most ingenious character—the whole thing is so extremely simple that it can be understood almost at a glance by any ordinary piano-forte tuner; and we feel bound to add that they have an elasticity of touch and firmness of blow that we have rarely, if ever, seen surpassed.

"In grand pianos, and indeed in all which have a great length of string, there is a difficulty in damping or stopping the sound of the note directly the finger is taken off. This difficulty, too, has been overcome by Messrs. Steinway, for they use a damper which stops the sound as soon as the hands are raised from the keys. The American makers are generally very elaborate in the getting up of the cabinet work about their pianos. They are adorned with very rich carved work, are massive and elegant in their appearance, and have a polish on them which makes the surface of the wood look more like a piece of plate-glass than what it really is. We would advise all who have a taste for music, and are fond of hearing a good piano, to visit these magnificent instruments the next time they go to the International Exhibition. They are to be found in Class 16, United States Department. We are informed that Messrs. Steinway are to receive a first-class medal for their pianos. The whole of Messrs. Steinway and Sons' pianos have been purchased by the enterprising firm of Cramer, Beale, & Wood, the proprietors of the great Piano-forte Gallery in Regent Street, who, we understand, are appointed the sole agents for them in England."

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* writes:

"In Class 16 there are four exhibitors, two of whom receive the medal. This is the musical instrument class, and I am not wrong in saying that it has been the great feature of the American Department. In a former letter I referred to the extraordinary excitement that had been occasioned among piano-forte makers and professors by the startling power and excellence of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' instruments. The American Court was crowded with the curious in such matters; all the best players in London tried the pianos, and some of a burglarious disposition even went so far as to break the instruments open when they happened to find them locked. Several weeks ago the two grands and two squares were sold to Messrs. Cramer, Beale, & Wood, who were so satisfied with their bargain, and confident that a European business could be established by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, that they have ever since announced themselves as their agents, and, as I am informed, have forwarded an extensive order for upright pianos. Four other cash applications were made for the purchase of these particular instruments, and I am confident that if a dozen 'grands' were here they would go off like hot cakes. The jurors in this class were as follows:

"W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D., London; J. R. Black, M. D., United States; Right Honorable Sir George Clerk, F.R.S., Chairman, Edinburgh; Fétis, Deputy-Chairman, Belgium; Lissajous, France; Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. D., Oxford; Ernst Pauer, Austria; William Pole, Mus. B., F.R.S., Secretary, London; J. Schiedmayor, Zoll-Verein; Earl of Wilton, G.C.H., London; Henry Wylde, Mus. D., London.

"And the awards are: Steinway & Sons, medal, 'Powerful, clear, and brilliant tone of piano, with excellent workmanship shown in a grand piano and a square piano of very large dimensions.' Messrs. Steinway's indorsement by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

M. Henri Hoche, one of the most competent musical critics in France, says, in the *Presse Musicale* of Paris:

"The firm of Steinway & Sons, from New York, exhibits two pianos—one grand piano and one square piano—both of which have particularly attracted the attention of the jury. This firm, not known among the exhibitors of the first exhibition in London, has taken in a very short time an astonishing development. Messrs. Steinway & Sons have, to say so, the monopoly to sell pianos in America, and in New York they have considerably outstripped the other manufacturers. Undoubtedly, therefore, Messrs. Steinway may claim to be classed with Messrs. Erard, Pleyel, Broadwood, etc. Such importance naturally called the attention of the international jury to the Steinway pianos; but there were better reasons still for their attention, and the first of these reasons is the excellency of the pianos. This firm is also the only one which distinguished itself in the manufacturing of pianos by new inventions, worthy of being favorably considered."

M. Hoche continues his letter by comparing the old and new method of piano making, mentioning especially that Messrs. Steinway prepare the wood which they choose with the utmost care, and only take the very best materials for their pianos. He after this praises the invention of *overstringing*, for which Messrs. Steinway have a patent, and says:

"I have been able to judge upon the effect of this new method, and can tell you that the square piano of Messrs. Steinway fully possesses the tone of a grand piano; it sounds marvelously. The ample sound, the extension, the even tone, the sweetness, the power, are combined in this piano as in no other piano I have seen, and this is the result of the new inventions which I mentioned."

About the grand piano the writer makes the following eulogistic remarks:

"The grand piano unites in itself all the qualities which you can demand of a concert piano. The character, the power, and the even tone are most remarkable. The touch is comparatively light; it is adapted for every shade of expression, and in every part the instrument will develop, according to the wish of the player, power, sweetness, and especially that soft tone which is necessary for accompaniment. I do not hesitate to say that this piano is by far better than all the English pianos which I have seen at the Exhibition, including the pianos of Broadwood. Finally, I can tell you that Messrs. Steinway & Sons are going to receive the medal for sonority and clearness, brilliancy and sympathetic tone of their pianos."

THE LOSS OF THE "GOLDEN GATE."

WE illustrate on page 540 the burning of the *Golden Gate*, which took place in the Pacific Ocean, off Manzanilla, Mexico, on 27th ult. The following description of the steamer is reliable:

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Golden Gate* was a side-wheel steamer, 2067 tons, and was built at this port by William H. Webb, in 1850. Her dimensions were as follows: length 285 feet, breadth 38 feet, depth of hold 30 feet. Her draught of water was about 16 feet.

She was one of the finest boats on the route between Panama and San Francisco, and was a favorite with the traveling public. She was launched January 21, 1850, and was built for Howland & Aspinwall. Her engines were constructed at the Novelty Works.

She was a fast vessel, and could accommodate about nine hundred passengers, besides a large quantity of freight. She was rated at the Underwriters A2, and her securities against fire were recorded "good." She had two independent fire-pumps, and sufficient hose, buckets, axes, etc. She had oscillating engines and two cylinders of eighty-five inches each, with a nine-feet-stroke piston.

She carried from eight to twelve boats, sufficient to carry several hundred persons.

The *Golden Gate* was repaired in 1856, 1858, 1859, and latterly she has been put in excellent order.

Manzanilla, off which it appears the steamer was when the fire broke out, is in the bay of Limon, Isthmus of Panama. The steamers from San Francisco call there to ship treasure brought from the mines of Coloma, in Mexico. It is about three hundred miles south of Acapulco and about fifteen hundred south of San Francisco.

The accident occurred as follows:

On the 27th ult., at a quarter to five P.M., when fifteen miles north of Manzanilla, while the passengers were dining, an alarm of fire was heard. The steamer was promptly headed for the shore, three and a half miles distant, the flames meanwhile making fearful headway.

At a quarter after five the upper deck fell in.

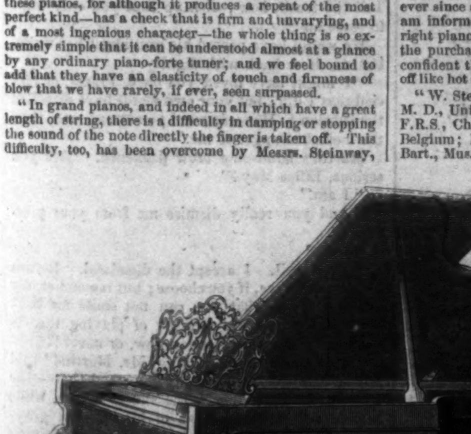
Soon after the steamer struck the beach, and the passengers and crew who had not got into the boats jumped overboard and endeavored to swim ashore.

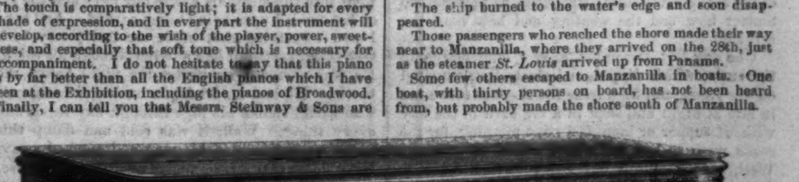
About one hundred, including five children, swam or were washed ashore alive.

The ship burned to the water's edge and soon disappeared.

Those passengers who reached the shore made their way near to Manzanilla, where they arrived on the 28th, just as the steamer *St. Louis* arrived up from Panama.

Some few others escaped to Manzanilla in boats. One boat, with thirty persons on board, has not been heard from, but probably made the shore south of Manzanilla.





PIANOS EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS, OF NEW YORK, AT THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF LONDON.

A CORPORAL'S STORY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I enlisted as a private in Company C, Captain Blank, —th Regiment, New York State Volunteers, April 30, 1861, to serve the State for two years. When I enlisted the Captain promised my friends that he would never leave his company, but take care of his men to the end of the war. The people of our town promised that they would take care of my wife and child and see that they wanted for nothing. The Government promised me good clothes, eleven and a half dollars a month, good fare, and the best of care if I was sick or wounded. All these things I did not care about. I was poor, but I thought if I might leave to my boy my name with the legacy "killed in battle for the Union," that he would be richer than any thing else his father could give him would make him. Every thing was new and exciting to us till a few days after we were mustered into the United States service. Much to our disappointment we were only mustered for three months, because we were two-years' men and not three-years' men. After we were mustered we got our shoddy clothes and old muskets—flint locks altered to percussion. Our Colonel was green, and our Captain began to drink too much. Some of the men wanted to see all the places we marched through, and went off to look without permission and got severely punished. I thought it was not right to go off so, but I thought they ought to have been learned their duty by the company officers before they were punished for not knowing it. It seemed to us that as fast as the Colonel or Captain learned any thing out of the Tactics, or the Army Regulations, or the Articles of War, they set traps for us to catch us on it and punish us. We all got a good deal discouraged at first, but after a while we got a new Colonel and Captain, who told us we could be good soldiers, orderly, decent, and do all the drudgery and suffer all the hardship of a soldier's life and yet be men. That to obey orders was no disgrace, but, on the contrary, to be undisciplined and disorderly made us only brutes and slaves.

Most of our officers and men were in good spirits and determination after this. We expected to have a good fight, and go home after the three months were over.

The Government had not the means to provide for us very well at first, and our quarter-master spent his time riding about for fun instead of getting for us what he might have got, and the Government did not pay us any thing because we were three-months' men. All this we did not care for because it was summer time, and in three months we would be home again.

It was pretty hard sometimes. We had nothing to eat, our tents were taken away, and we slept on the wet ground just as we could catch it. Some of us got sick, and there were no hospitals except such as the surgeon carried in a wagon. Some of the men grumbled a good deal at this. But I told them this was not manly. If we died doing our duty it was just as good as being shot in battle.

But it was pretty tough when our three months were nearly up—and we had never had a fight, and it seemed as if we never should—to be claimed for the rest of the two years, and taken for it without our consent. We were volunteers before; now we were pressed. We offered two years at first; the Government would only take three months. If a new bargain was to be made we thought we had a right, the same as at the first, to volunteer instead of being forced. This made us a good deal of trouble; but I thought that the Government would not take us if they did not need us; and I made up my mind if this great nation needed a poor man like me it could have me in its own way. And, besides, we had learned just what we ought to know to be good for something, and had got toughened to it. For one I felt rather proud that we was considered good enough to be kept. And if it had not been for Sally and Johnny, who got nothing from the neighbors and had a hard look for the winter coming on, I should not have cared to be any where else. Some of our young fellows asked me how I liked being pressed away from my wife and boy. Well, I said, I should be glad to go home and see them; but if it was to sneak out and have somebody else fight for my wife and boy while I staid at home, I should be ashamed to have my John call me father at that.

After a while we all got over grumbling, and began to take pride in standing hardship and keeping ourselves as comfortable and clean as possible, no matter how bad the weather and how hard the service.

One day last December, after a long march in the snow, which slipped, and slushed, and melted on our shoes, and then froze the shoes stiff, we got in late at night and slept in a big barn in the hay without supper or breakfast next morning, for the roads were so bad the wagons could not get up. Well, that morning our Brigadier-General rode down to see us. We heard he was coming, and every man had his musket bright and his clothes brushed up, the snow had cleaned our shoes, and our cotton "dirt-covers," as the boys called their gloves, were very comfortable in holding a musket on a frosty morning. So we were paraded in line as for dress parade, and when we presented arms to the General it went like the tick of a clock, for we were vexed, and we would have done it fine that morning if we had died. "Ah, hah, my fine fellows," the General said, "somebody has been lying about you. They said you had no supper or breakfast, and that your feet were frozen off you, and that you slept in a barn last night." We heard how he bragged about us afterward, and said that there was not a hay seed on our coats or a ration in the bellies of the whole regiment. The next day we went into Clear Spring, in Maryland, and that is a place for Union soldiers I must say. The people gave us the whole town, and all they had was welcome. It is only a village town, but, as one of the girls said to Pat Mahoney, that though there was not a big heap, there was right smart of folks there. Here we had a good rest, plenty to eat, and a hearty welcome.

The first time we had a scrimmage with the secesh was not a long while after this. We forded the Potomac and marched toward Martinsburg. Cold and wet was nothing now, and hungry was not to be talked of. We were at last going to fight Jackson and Co. We thought our first fight was beautiful. The secesh all ran away as soon as we began firing. They were Virginia Militia. Some of our officers wrote home flaming accounts about it, but our Colonel became all at once very severe on us, and said such nonsense would spoil us. He ordered us and ordered us till day and night seemed nothing but orders, and he was very severe on any disobedience. I guessed afterward what he meant. For the next fight we had I think I found out that obeying orders meant not running away. I was scared and no mistake. We were marching in column of divisions expecting work, when suddenly a secesh battery opened on us and one or two balls came plowing through the column. We looked at one another just ready to run, when the Colonel's voice came down the column as sharp as a knife: "Battalion halt. On third division deploy column. Battalion by right and left flanks. March!" Now as much scared as we were, I really believe that we would have all skedaddled if we had not been more afraid to disobey orders. I trembled all over, but our company was in third division, and we had to stand fast while the rest formed on us and the old habit kept us all there. A cold sweat stood all over me, but I had not time to think before the other division were double-quicking it through some open woods into line of battle, when we were ordered to lie down till our battery came up. Pretty soon a Georgia regiment advanced on us down through a dip in the ground, halting occasionally and loading and firing as they came on. The bullets whistled all around but done no harm. Our battery on our right drew the fire of the secesh battery and we had an open chance before us. By forming on third division we had just a slight roll of ground between us and the dip in the meadow in front, and when we lay down the balls from the battery would ricochet over us, or go over our heads without striking. A few men got hit with pieces of shell, but nearly all we lost by artillery was from the first firing. The Colonel stood leaning against a tree at the right, and on the crown of the knoll, as cool as a cucumber, watching the enemy. The surgeon, and assistant, and band were picking up the wounded men and carrying them to the rear out of fire. Every now and then the Colonel would turn and look at us lying along the ground, and I could see him from where I was show his teeth with a fierce-looking kind of grin as he looked at us. The same as to say, it seemed to me, just wait 'till I *order* these fellows at you. It seemed a very short time before the order came. We fired a single volley at 100 yards distance and then fixed bayonets, and down we went at double-quick charge, every man yelling to suit himself. The Georgians stood till we were twenty paces from them, and then broke and run for a worm fence, where they tried to rally, but in climbing the fence we came up with them, and the rails flew off and we after them right up on to their battery, which could not hit us without hitting them. So we took the battery of four brass guns. This is all I know about the first battle of Winchester. After we were ordered up to fire and charge I did not see any body that looked scared; for my part I did not think any thing about it then, though, 'till the secesh broke, men were every now and then dropping out of the ranks hit or killed.

Our Brigadier-General came down to see us next morning, and we were ordered out to receive him, and he made us another short speech. Says he: "Boys, we have been just learning you how a little here, and you have done very well. But I am going to take you over into M'Clellan's corp one of these days, and then I shall expect you to fight in real earnest. But I see your clothes look as nice as usual this morning." We had a bold talking Sergeant in the color guard, who spoke up and said: "That's more than yours do, General," which made us all grin. For the skirt of his coat had a hole through it, and his baggage had been started toward Manassas the day before the fight, and he had no change, and the hole could only be mended with a patch; but I suppose for as cool as he would talk to us he was rather proud of that hole in his coat. If he wasn't we was. We lay at Winchester some days before we marched across the Shenandoah for Manassas, and while lying there I went into the hospitals where our boys and the secesh wounded were being taken care of. And here I saw something that made me feel pretty bad. One of our corporals had a bullet through his thigh. He was wounded on picket the night before the battle. He had an Irishman on his picket-guard who would smoke his pipe through any thing and every thing. Well, it was cold and damp this night, so Pat lighted his pipe and smoked away, lying down with his shoulders against a fallen tree, for it was not his relief, and as he could not sleep he said he would take it out in a good smoke. This spark of fire made a good mark, and pretty soon a bullet struck the corporal who was standing some distance from Pat. "Bless the pipe, thin," says Pat, "for if you had been smoking it, corporal, he would have fired at you and hit me." The guard fired back by chance, and afterward approached cautiously toward the place from which the shot had been fired. They heard groans which guided them, and soon came to a badly wounded man, in a farmer's dress, with a large bore rifle lying by his side. They stopped the bleeding as well as they could, and turned out Pat's relief to carry him and the corporal to the nearest house in our lines. This turned out to be the farmer's own house. But it was deserted of every body except an old darkey and a little girl about nine years old. It turned out that they had been sent to the house by the girl's mother, thinking nobody would disturb them, to get some clothes, left behind when they ran away from their home, which they did on hearing that Jackson was coming back to drive us out of Winchester. They went into the mountains, for the father was suspected of Unionism. The father had started from his hiding-place for news, when he was impressed by the secesh and made to serve as guide for placing the pickets as he knew the neighborhood. He said that he had his rifle to protect himself, and I believed him. But when they saw Pat's pipe, knowing him to be a good shot, they compelled him to fire at the light, he purposely aimed one side and hit the corporal. Our return fire drove away their picket, but wounded him in the chest, and he died in a few days. The darkey went back to the mountains but the little girl would not leave her father, and he was carried to the hospital along with the corporal. She staid with him giving him water, bathing his head, and saying, "Poor daddy! poor daddy!" all the while till he died. Pat got a pass to go and see the poor man buried, and the next roll call he was among the missing, and nobody saw any thing of Pat for the next four days, when he came into camp and reported to the Colonel, and pulled out his pass as innocent as a baby. Upon being questioned about such an absurd pretense as the pass being good for four days, Pat said he had to go home with the mourner from the funeral. And the fact was, the fellow had taken the little girl home to her mother in the mountains.

I do not know if you will think what I say of any interest worth publishing. But I thought a plain soldier's account of what did happen really in this war might encourage some others to enlist just now when we want them; for we have got thinned out somewhat from what we were at first, and if our people will come into our old regiments with names already on their flags, or get up new ones that will do better than we have, why then it seems to me we can kill out rebellion before it gets old enough to go alone. And if they don't come and join us now, why a great many more will have to come by-and-by.

I am yours, very respectfully,
Elisha Hinman,
Corporal Company C.
—th N. Y. S. Volunteers.

I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?

Who doesn't now read the papers
More than ever he read before;
Eagerly watching the symptoms
Of our great political sore?
Some only to croak and grumble,
To sleep and loaf and chew,
Doing nothing to ease the smarting;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

Some canvass their rulers' merits,
While they hint, with a lofty grace,
What they in their wiser wisdom
Would do if they filled their place.
They keep aloof from the struggle,
They choose to talk, not do,
While others are fighting their battles;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

Some peck at our noble generals
As a cockerel would at the sun,
And understand their movements
About the same each one.
They stay 'neath pleasant home shadows,
While others dare and do,
And from lack of their aid are falling;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

When voices are calling loudly
For help in the contest at hand,
Some back in the blacken'd shadow
Of their idol self-hood stand;
Willing the few brave spirits
Fight the fearful conflict through,
And sow the land with their ashes;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

There's many a noble woman
Would stand by her husband's side,
And face the foe bravely with him
Through the battle's fearful tide.
Others there are withholding,
When they fain would follow too,
Their husbands, sons, or brothers;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

Some only remember the circle
That gathers about their board,
While the sick and suffering soldier
There's nothing they can afford;
Their ear is shut to the wailing
That is piercing our country through,
While our bravest and best are dying;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

THE FORGED CHECK.

The tall white pine-trees in front of the antique red brick house were motionless in the balmy air; the sunshine lay in latticed gleams athwart the piazza floor; and far off, on upland meadows, the voice of the distant reapers floated down, like sounds in a dream, to the ear of Ellice May, as she sat in the door-way, her work lying idly in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the hazy August hills. Beautiful eyes they were—soft, large, and intensely black, fringed with dark lashes that almost shadowed her cheek. There was something Eastern in the style of Ellice May's beauty—the olive cheek stained with rose; the small, scarlet mouth; and the serene, straight features. As for the little hands—taper-fingered and pink-tipped—they certainly seemed made expressly to beckon dark-skinned slaves and wield a jeweled sceptre. Nature owns no law of climate; and sometimes you are startled by finding this Arabian Nights' type of face among dove-eyed New England damsels, just as a fiery pomegranate blooms amidst meek blue-bells and mountain daisies on a farm-house window-ledge.

"Now, don't look off into vacancy so provokingly, Ellice!" said a tall, handsome man who was leaning against one of the columns of the piazza. "Do be gracious to a fellow who has driven all the way from town this broiling day just to catch a glimpse of your bright eyes!"

Ellice turned her head and smiled, but thoughtfully still: it was plain she was thinking of something else.

"How do you like my new pair of grays, Ellice?" pursued her companion. "I bought them with a special eye to your preferences. See them toss their heads under the pine branches. I can tell you there's blood there!"

"They are very pretty," said Ellice, quietly.

"*Very pretty!* and is that all you have to say? Ellice, what ails you to-day? I don't believe you care half so much for me as you used. Give me one of your old smiles, now—do—or I shall fancy that you haven't entirely forgotten your old *penchant* for Hugh Irving. I met him just below the turn of the road as I drove over—didn't stop to speak, however. By-the-way, Ellice, I've done a pretty smart stroke of business to-day that, I imagine, will put Hugh Irving effectually down for the present."

"What do you mean, Frazer?" said Ellice, suddenly rousing herself from her temporary abstraction.

"I mean that we manœuvred the mortgage on the old Irving Place into our hands a week or two ago, and I foreclosed to-day at twelve o'clock, just half an hour after it became due."

"Foreclosed it?"

"Yes, and I defy Mr. Hugh to help himself. Of course they had no idea of the thing; I kept it prodigiously close, for I have always wanted a chance to break Hugh Irving's pride, and fortune has favored me! I should not wonder if he were *en route* this moment to give directions to that old-times lawyer of his, blessedly unconscious! The Irving Place must go, for it will be next to an impossibility for them to raise the money at so short a notice; and, with all the rest, it won't be a bad arrangement for me, pecuniarily speaking."

But Ellice had risen from her seat with reddened cheeks, and eyes that were literally wells of angry sparkle.

"Frazer Martin, you are not in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life, my love!"

"You would not stoop to such a dishonorable, underhand proceeding, surely?"

"Not at all dishonorable, Ellice; only a trick of the trade. To be sure it isn't generally done; but I would stretch a point or two to make Hugh Irving feel my power."

"Despicable! base!" reiterated Ellice, wringing her hands passionately. "Frazer, I never would have believed this of you!"

"Scold away, darling!" said Martin, caressingly touching her braids of shining black hair, as you might pet a child. "You've no idea how sweet you look with those cheeks blazing and the great eyes dilated. I like to see you get excited!"

"If it is really so, Frazer," pursued the girl, eagerly, "go immediately and undo the work of evil. Do not let Hugh Irving suffer for a mere legal technicality. Remember the Place is his home—his all. Hasten back to the city, for Heaven's sake!"

"Never!" said Martin, decidedly, and with an almost demoniac light in his eye. "I tell you, Ellice, I *hate* the man, and I will not bate my hold upon him!"

"Then, Frazer," said Ellice, calmly, "our engagement is at an end. I will never marry a man who has taught me to despise him!"

"Now, my darling, don't talk so!" said Frazer Martin, coaxingly. "You know very well that you love me—that you are my affianced wife. Tell the truth, now; own up that you only want to tease me!"

He would have passed his arm about her waist, but she drew back with dignity.

"I might have loved you once, Frazer, or fancied that I did; but your own words have dispelled the illusion. Henceforward you are no more than the merest stranger to me."

Martin's handsome brow darkened. "Are you serious, Ellice May?"

"I am."

"And you really dismiss me from your presence?"

"I do."

"Very well. I accept the dismissal. Return to your first love, if you choose; but remember, my fickle fair one, that you can not smile me back again when you are wearied of playing the coquette. Make your election now, or never!"

"It is made; good-evening, Mr. Martin!" said Ellice, calmly. And calmly she stood there—her white dress fluttering in the sunset breeze, while Martin twitched the reins of his splendid grays from the post and sprang into his carriage, driving off like a whirlwind.

Noble little Ellice! she was true to her womanhood, true to herself; and even at the time when Hugh Irving lost his ancestral patrimony he gained a wife who had learned to love him for himself alone. It was a ray of hope in the darkness; and with a brave heart he set to work to build up the fallen fabric of fortune once more.

"Quite romantic, upon my word!" sneered Frazer Martin, as he read the marriage of Hugh Irving and Ellice May in the newspapers. "Just as they can afford! But," he added, between his clenched teeth, "if the days of Faust were here once more I would sell myself to the Evil One, soul and body, for the chance of striking that man's cup of happiness to the ground!"

Twenty years had wrought but little change in the dark beauty of Ellice Irving. One or two threads of silver had, perhaps, interwoven themselves in the abundant braids of ebon hair, and the peach-blossom color of girlhood had given place tc

a softer rose on her cheek; but Ellice was lovely still as she stood, in the frosty October twilight, shading her eyes with one fair jeweled hand, while the other pushed aside the crimson trails of the frost-touched vine which hung over the piazza pillars. Looking for her husband. Ah! there was no loving eye to watch for Frazer Martin's erring footsteps!

At length he came, welcomed home by the glow of firelight, and the merry voices of little children, and the peaceful calm of Ellice's smile! The world called Hugh Irving a fortunate man, because he had prospered exceedingly in its paths of commerce; but what would the world have said could it have peeped into his bright home-circle? There must be yet an undiscovered word to express *such* bliss!

"But, Hugh, something has annoyed you; you look grave and thoughtful," said Mrs. Irving, when at length the noisy crew of little ones had been safely piloted to bed, and husband and wife were sitting together—Hugh in a velvet easy-chair, and Ellice on a low ottoman beside him, her cheek resting on his knee, as she had been used to sit in the days of bridehood.

"You are a veritable witch, Ellice!" said Hugh, laughing. "I believe you know every thought that crosses my mind. Yes, dearest, I have been excessively annoyed!"

"Tell me about it, Hugh; you know you never have any secrets from *me*."

She put her little hand caressingly into his; he stooped and kissed the diamond-sparkling fingers.

"I have an opportunity to-day, Ellice, to pay off a very old debt—to pay it with interest. What do you advise?"

"Don't talk in riddles, you provoking fellow! Speak out plainly, or I never shall be able to comprehend you," said Mrs. Irving.

"Listen, then, my dear wife," said Hugh, suddenly growing grave, almost stern in his manner. "You know that I have been in the habit of depositing, from time to time, any unappropriated sums of money in the —— Bank, at New York? Well, I had occasion, not long since, to send for a supply. It *was* duly forwarded to-day, with a notice that I had slightly overdrawn my account. I knew this to be impossible, as the balance lying there was nearly ten thousand dollars, and my order was but for five. On examining the statement of accounts sent on with the funds I discovered that a check for five thousand dollars, bearing my signature, had been presented and cashed some six months previously. Now I had never heard of the thing, nor signed any such check."

"Well?" said Ellice, her lips apart, and her eyes fixed earnestly on her husband's grave face.

"And the name of the man who presented this check—this *forged* check, remember—was Frazer Martin!"

Ellice grew pale, and clasped her hands tightly together. "Good Heaven, Hugh, can this thing be possible?"

"Not merely possible, love, but *certain*. A fit winding up of his career of recklessness and dissipation," said Irving, bitterly.

"But, Hugh, what measures have you taken?" asked Ellice, who seemed scarcely able to realize the stupendous fraud.

"None, as yet; but at the earliest practicable hour to-morrow morning I shall set the officers of the law upon the track of this undetected felon!"

"What is the consequence, Hugh?"

"Imprisonment for life!" was the stern answer.

Ellice trembled, and half opened her lips, but there was no gleam of encouragement in the dark brow of her husband.

"Oh, Hugh, dear Hugh, to think that *I* might have been the wife of this wretched man!"

Mr. Irving passed his hand fondly over his wife's hair and drew her closer toward him, as if he would avert the merest thought of danger from her.

"If you please, ma'am," said a servant, putting his head in at the door, "would you step into the hall a minute? The housekeeper wants to speak a word with you."

Mrs. Irving rose and passed quietly out of the room. Hugh remained in his old position, gazing into the fire with set teeth and corrugated brow. In a moment his wife returned with a white, shocked face.

"Hugh—husband—I have a sad story to tell you. The servants have brought in a poor, footsore creature, wearied with travel, and, I fear, on the verge of fever. He fell, on the wayside, a little way below, and Bruce found him as he came back from stabling your horses. He is worn to a skeleton with fatigue and privation—shall we take him in?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Irving, rousing himself with an effort from the train of thought in which he had been well-nigh absorbed; "let the servants see that he has every care!"

"But Hugh, dearest," pleaded the wife, looking with grieved, terrified eyes into his own, "will you come and see him? We have laid him on the sofa in the ante-room."

"If you wish it, my dear, certainly," said Mr. Irving. "Why, what is the matter? You tremble like a leaf!"

"Oh, my husband!" murmured Ellice, pausing as their feet touched the threshold of the door, "only remember the Bible words, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

Hugh Irving had not time to ask an explanation of her words ere he found himself in the ante-room from which the servants had all been dismissed. There, upon the sofa, lay a wild-eyed man with dusty garb and bleeding feet, his clothes in tatters and his face shadowed by a beard of several days' growth. As Mr. Irving approached he gave a faint cry, and endeavored to spring from his couch, like one who would flee, but weakness and approaching illness overpowered him, and he sank back on the sofa, covering his face with his skeleton hands. And, as he did so, Hugh Irving knew that he stood in the ghastly presence of his deadliest foe, Frazer Martin!

"Have they come to arrest me?" shrieked the poor, half-delirious creature. "I have fled long, but I was not fast enough for them. I am weak and ill. I think I am going to die. But send *him* away. Don't let *him* see me! I knew it would be detected, but I thought I could replace the money before *he* knew it! I did not dream that it would all be swallowed up in that miserable speculation! Is it *he*, or only another troubled vision?"

"It is I, Frazer Martin," returned Hugh, coldly. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I can say nothing. I have no excuse to plead; but for God's sake do not deliver me into the hands of the law! I would have fled beyond its reach, but you see how weak I am! Have mercy on me! Oh, Hugh Irving, for *her* sake be charitable to me! I shall soon be beyond the reach of earthly aid or pardon!"

His piteously imploring voice—almost abject in its entreaty—jarred on Irving's ear. He turned to Ellice, who stood silently at his side.

"Ellice, if I pursue the plans I had arranged the officers of justice will be here at noon to-morrow; if not—"

"But you will not, dearest Hugh!" cried his wife, whose quick eye had detected the relenting change in his face. "You will forgive, as we ourselves hope, one day, to be forgiven! For *my* sake, dear love!"

"For your sake, sweet wife, and Heaven's!"

And Frazer Martin knew that he was safe!

The next morning Mr. Irving entered the darkened room where lay the rival of his youth—the dogging enemy of riper years. The dim eyes of the sick man turned wistfully toward him, as the feeble hand was stretched forth.

"Do not fear, Frazer," said Hugh, encouragingly. "I have sent a letter to the Bank, inclosing the amount by which my account is overdrawn. Rest in peace, for no act of mine shall ever disturb your safety!"

A sudden flush mounted to the wan cheek where health's rosy tide should never mantle more.

"It is most generous—noble—of you, Irving, and I feel acutely how little it is deserved. No revenge could cut to my heart like this. I shall not live long, but it would have been hard to end my days in a prison cell. Ellice—for I may call you once more by the sweet old name of our youth—I am glad you married Hugh Irving. He is worthy of you—*I* never was!"

A few days afterward he died, holding with his last grasp Hugh Irving's hand, and only relaxing the chill pressure when, at last, his soul passed out into the great Unknown, where neither friendship nor enmity could follow him.

The five thousand dollars—need we say it?—was never missed; but in its stead there came a deep peace far more precious to Hugh and Ellice than the gold of Ophir or diamonds from Golconda. The sun of Frazer Martin's life had *not* gone down upon their wrath!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILITARY BOOKS FOR VOLUNTEERS. FOR SALE, the largest and most complete assortment of MILITARY and NAVAL BOOKS in the country, comprising all the best ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN works. New Books received as soon as published. Officers of the ARMY and NAVY are invited to call or send for a catalogue, which will be sent free on application.
D. VAN NOSTRAND,
Publisher and Importer of Military, Naval, and Scientific Books, No. 192 Broadway.

"Get the Best."

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THISTLE & CO.'S 25 AND 10 CENT ENTIRELY NEW PRIZE STATIONERY PACKAGES. They are the largest, best, and cheapest manufactured. Send for circular containing particulars. Mailed free.
THISTLE & CO., 130 Nassau Street, N. Y.

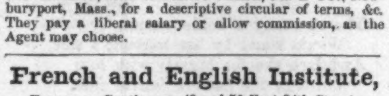
READER!—If you want employment, or want the best (Two-threaded) Sewing Machine ever manufactured, send to ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., Newburyport, Mass., for a descriptive circular of terms, &c. They pay a liberal salary or allow commission, as the Agent may choose.

French and English Institute,

For young Gentlemen, 48 and 50 East 24th Street.

Boarding and Day School. Pupils prepared for Westpoint, the Navy School, College, and Business. A pupil can enter when six years of age, and remain till he is 20. The Prospectus contains the names of the pupils and their parents for the past seven years. Lessons resumed on September 16th. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

Ballard's Patent Breech-Loading Rifle.



This arm is entirely new, and is universally acknowledged to be the nearest to perfection of any Breech-Loading Rifle ever made. Length of barrel 24 inches, weight of Rifle 7 pounds. Size of Calibre adapted to Nos. 32, 38, and 44 copper water-proof Cartridges. Also,

Prescott's Cartridge Revolvers

The 8in., or Navy Size, carries a Ball weighing 38 to the lb., and the No. 32, or 4in. Revolver, a Ball 80 to the lb. By recent experiments made in the Army, these Revolvers were pronounced the best and most effective weapons in use. For particulars call or send for a Circular to
MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
No. 262 Broadway, N. Y.
Also Agents for the Soldier's Bullet-Proof Vest.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c., to be seen—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

100,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gent's Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000,

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send for Circular containing full list and particulars. Send 25 cents for a Certificate.

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, thirty for $5, sixty-five for $10, and one hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address
J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

N.B. We wish it distinctly understood that all articles of jewelry not giving perfect satisfaction can be returned and the money will be refunded.

"THE AGENT"

Particulars sent free. W. SUMNER & CO., New York.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR CHEAP JEWELRY.—HEAD-QUARTERS FOR LOCKETS, BRACELETS, VEST CHAINS, PINS, RINGS, STUDS, BUTTONS, AND EVERYTHING IN THE JEWELRY LINE. FOR FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS W. A. HAYWARD, MANUFACTURING JEWELER, 208 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Nazareth Hall Boarding School for Boys,

(Established in 1785),

Nazareth, Northampton County, Penn.

Easy of access from New York by Central Railroad of New Jersey to Easton, and thence seven miles by stage. *Agents*, Messrs. A. Bininger & Co., Nos. 92 and 94 Liberty Street New York.
Rev. EDWARD H. REICHEL, Principal.

Every Man his own Printer.

Portable Printing-Offices for the Army and Navy, Druggists, and Business Men generally. Send for a circular.
ADAMS PRESS COMPANY,
31 Park Row (under Lovejoy's Hotel), New York.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

BURNETT'S

Cooking Extracts.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are pure and concentrated. A small quantity only is required for flavoring. We recommend them to our readers.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks, or lips. Will not wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar, and warranted not to injure the skin. Used by the celebrated Court Beauties of Europe exclusively. Mailed free from observation for one dollar.
HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 S. Seventh St., Philad.

Comfort and Cure for the Ruptured.
Sent free of charge.
Address Box 788, New York P. O.

"MUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS."—Don't buy "Onguents" at $1 a box, but send 20 cents (coin) for a new BOOK containing this GREAT SECRET and many others never before published. Eighth edition. Mailed *free* for two dimes. 8 for $1. Address C. E. HUNTER & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

PRINCE'S FOUNTAIN PEN.—One filling writes 8 to 10 hours. Sent by mail. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, No. 64 Nassau St., N. Y.

Wedding Cards and Note Papers at
J. EVERDELL'S celebrated Engraving Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane Street, N. Y. Samples by mail.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's Catarrh Remedy penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents in every County at $75 per month and expenses, to sell a new and cheap Sewing Machine. Address (with stamp). S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

THE SILVER CHORD.

A Companion to the "Home Circle."

A Collection of Favorite

Songs, Ballads, Duets and Quartets,

With Pianoforte Accompaniment.

No book has appeared that will so readily as this commend itself to the favorable attention of the admirers of home and social melody. One look will convince them that it is just what they want, and having purchased it and given it a more thorough examination, they will be fully satisfied that "no piano is complete without it."
Price, in Cloth, $2, in Boards, $1 50. Mailed, postpaid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

SOMETHING NEW. Local and Traveling Agents wanted to sell our 20 New Articles of positive merit. Large profits made. Samples 25 cents each. Inclose stamp for circular. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF

THE GREAT REBELLION

IN

THE UNITED STATES.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will commence immediately the issue in Numbers of a complete HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION IN THE UNITED STATES. The work has been for many months in course of preparation by a writer every way qualified for the task.

The Introduction will contain a clear and succinct account of the Formation of the Confederacy of the States; the Formation and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and the Establishment of the National Government; the origin, development, and progress of the doctrines of Nullification and Secession, and the various phases which they assumed until their final culmination in the *Great Rebellion*.

The History will comprise a full account, drawn from the most authentic sources, of all the Events of the War; the intrigues of the Southern leaders at home and abroad; the gradual defection of one section; the great Uprising of the People for the maintenance of the National Life and Existence; the rapid creation of an immense Army and Navy; and the Battles by Land and Sea.

The Illustrations will comprise Portraits of all those who have borne a prominent part in the struggle; Maps of the different localities; Plans of the leading actions; Views of every scene of interest, and of the most important Battles. These Illustrations are mostly from drawings taken on the spot by artists deputed for that purpose to accompany every division of our Army and Navy.

Every facility at the command of the Publishers has been employed in the preparation and execution of this work; and they confidently believe that it will form the most reliable and valuable history which can be prepared of the Great Struggle for the American Union.

MODE AND TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The work will be issued in Numbers, each consisting of 32 pages of the size of "*Harper's Weekly*," printed from clear type, upon fine paper, and will probably be completed in about Twenty Numbers.

The Numbers will be issued at intervals of about three weeks. They may be obtained from all Booksellers, Periodical Agents, or directly from the Publishers.

The prices for each Number, which will contain matter equivalent to an ordinary volume, will be Twenty-five Cents.

To Canvassers, and Periodical Agents and News Dealers, liberal discounts will be made from the retail price.

Specimen Numbers will be furnished gratuitously to any person who proposes to engage in the sale of the work, by subscription or otherwise.

For Special Terms, address the Publishers.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.